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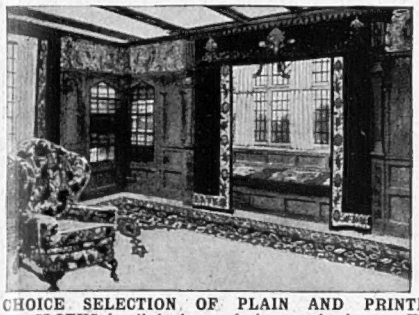

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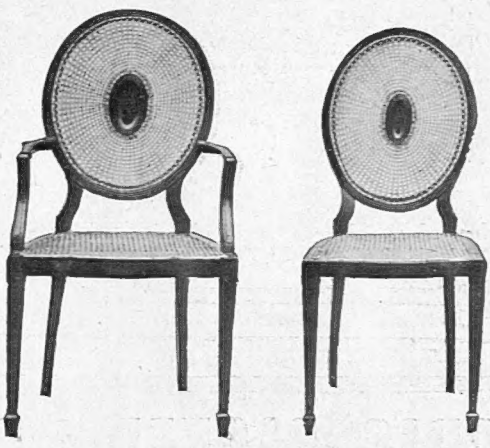

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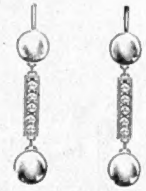

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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 434.—Vol. XXXIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 27, 1912 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

BUNTY TO TAKE A WELL-EARNED HOLIDAY

After playing for well over 300 times the part of Bunty in "Bunty Pulls the String" at the Haymarket, Miss Kate Moffat is shortly taking a holiday. It is interesting to be able to announce that, during her absence, Bunty will be played by Miss Margery Maude, the daughter of the well-known actor-manager. Our sketch of Miss Moffatt is by R. G. Mathews

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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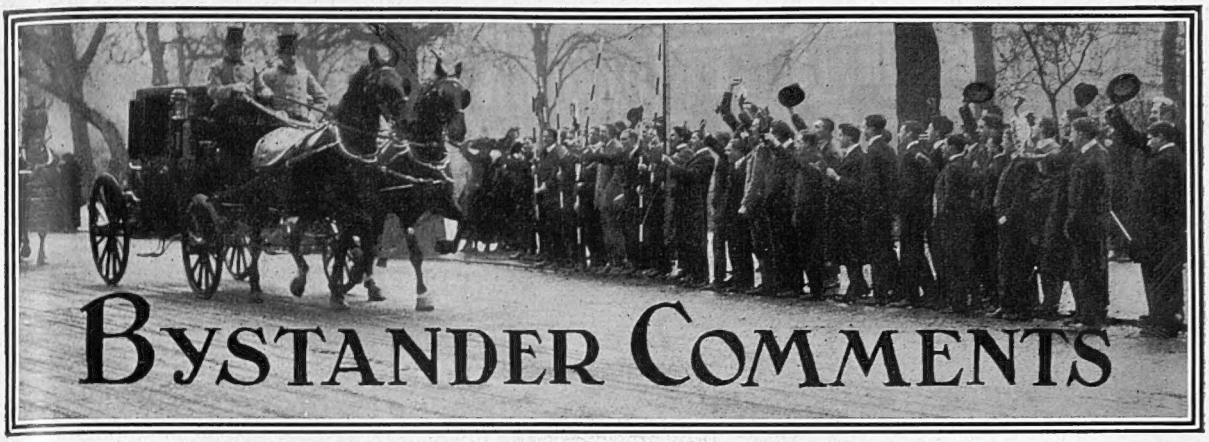


BYSTANDER COMMENTS

THEIR MAJESTIES EN ROUTE TO OPEN THE NEW LONDON MUSEUM

The King and Queen, accompanied by some of the Royal children, paid their promised visit last Thursday to the new London Museum, which has been established at Kensington Palace. The picture shows some youths belonging to the Art and Guilds Technical College greeting their Majesties in Kensington Gardens

B.M.R.

AMONG the many obvious inferences from plain facts which it has been THE BYSTANDER'S hobby from time to time to draw was that Mr. Balfour would return to the leadership of the Conservative party. When we wrote, last November, "*Au revoir*, Mr. Balfour," a certain amount of ridicule was our lot. Perhaps, therefore, it was pardonable that we smiled a little when last Wednesday brought the news that the rejection of the Coal Bill was to be moved by him.

***

Unhappy B.M.G.-ites

AS was to be expected, the B.M.G.-ites have not been too well-pleased with this humiliating sequel to their great *coup*. To have hounded a great man out of a great position and then, directly a serious difficulty presents itself, to have to call that man back again cannot exactly be accounted glorious. To conceal their chagrin, they have tried, some of them, to belittle Mr. Balfour's conduct of the affair. He is reproached for not having offered an "alternative" to the Premier's policy. Really, these are very childish gentlemen! Since when has it been the duty of a doctor to prescribe before he is called in? What Mr. Balfour did is what every Opposition leader with the slightest fitness for his position would have done. It was his business to state the grounds on which he *disagreed* with the Government, and to intimate that he was ready, if called upon, to deal with the crisis himself. Mr. Balfour is an ex-Premier with a reputation unmatched by any living statesman for firm handling of difficult situations. When the man who sent Roberts and Kitchener to South Africa, and saved that country for the Empire, gets up and says he is ready to tackle the Coal Strike, he is not called on to say more. He is a consulting surgeon, not a quack.

***

The Syndicalist Fallacy

"COERCION" is probably the only cure for the present crisis. Pacification has been tried and seems to be about finally to fail. The cure will have to be a radical one. The root of the evil is the teaching of Socialism, or Syndicalism, or whatever other name is applied to the pernicious fallacy which splits Society into two classes, Capital and Labour, and sets them at war with one another. This theory is a living, active *Lie*, and to nail it we need the hammer of a Nasmyth. The time is coming when those who goad Labour on to war against "Capital," otherwise the whole of organised Society, will be treated as rebels. When they are suppressed utterly, then we can begin to set our social house in order, and to introduce into the relations between Capital, Brains, and Labour that sentiment of co-operation in which alone is to be found the ultimate remedy.

THE KING EDWARD MEMORIAL

This photograph shows the model which has been approved by the Mansion House Committee. The figure of King Edward, which is seen in the photograph, will face Buckingham Palace. The sculptor is Mr. Bertram MacKennal, A.R.A.

***

A Statue Squabble

WITH the spring comes the renewal of the King Edward Memorial controversy. It seems that there is to be no settled rest for the statue. Deprived of the right to spoliate

The Turn of the Social Wheel

St. James's Park, it has now been grudged a position at the top of the Green Park because it would there shut out the view from Piccadilly of the Victoria Memorial. Incidentally, the late King would have his back turned on Piccadilly, which seems absurd. It is not claimed that the statue will spoliate the Green Park, for that has already been done by the Broad Avenue of plane trees, in which wilderness so few of us venture to trust ourselves without escort. Mr. Head wanted the West End to content itself with a £10,000 statue, and for the rest of the money to be spent on a Park at Shadwell. This proposed bifurcation of the memory of the beloved King strikes me personally as downright ghoulish. If unable to avoid the statue, I should take the greatest care not often to walk in the park at Shadwell, which is not a locality at all suggestive of the late King.

***

The Dead Set at Statues

ON the whole, it seems to be a pity that the question was not left open until public opinion was well sounded. For one thing, taste seems to have set in dead against statues or any other stony structures. Parks, too, are proved to be a little-enjoyed luxury, save to the inevitable slum children and nursemaids. As to buildings or public institutions, opinion seems in a chaotic state as to exactly for what the late King is most entitled to honour. Before we associate him with "Peace" we had better make sure that his policy brought us that particular blessing. Last summer and autumn, when the *entente* policy led three Powers to the brink of war, are still fresh in memory. The real choice seems to be between King Edward as a patron of the sport of kings and of medical research. Perhaps the best memorial would have been one which honoured him for his indefatigable efforts in the latter direction.

THE EARL OF ESSEX
With Miss Girel Leigh and Lady Edwina Sackville at the Vale of Aylesbury Steeplechases

***

The Spring

THE "hounds of spring" were "on winter's traces" in very hard weather indeed last week, and though "from bower to bower" I understand "the songs of birds begin," it was all one could do in Town to keep dry in the pouring rains and sleet, and warm in the bitter blast, not to speak of cheerful under the circumstances.

***

In Town

BUT London is a wonderful place wherein to circumvent anything approaching "the blues," and signs of the great industrial crisis were amazingly few and far between except, perhaps, at railway stations, where weary passengers sat hours on end in fireless waiting-rooms waiting to pack themselves into already well-filled milk trains. That is the worst part of a strike, as someone said last week, "this exploitation of the public for the benefit of the middle-man." Should the strike end to-morrow, I wonder how long it will be before the coal merchants cease to sell best coal at forty shillings a ton?

THE GRAND STAND AT THE VALE OF AYLESBURY STEEPLECHASES

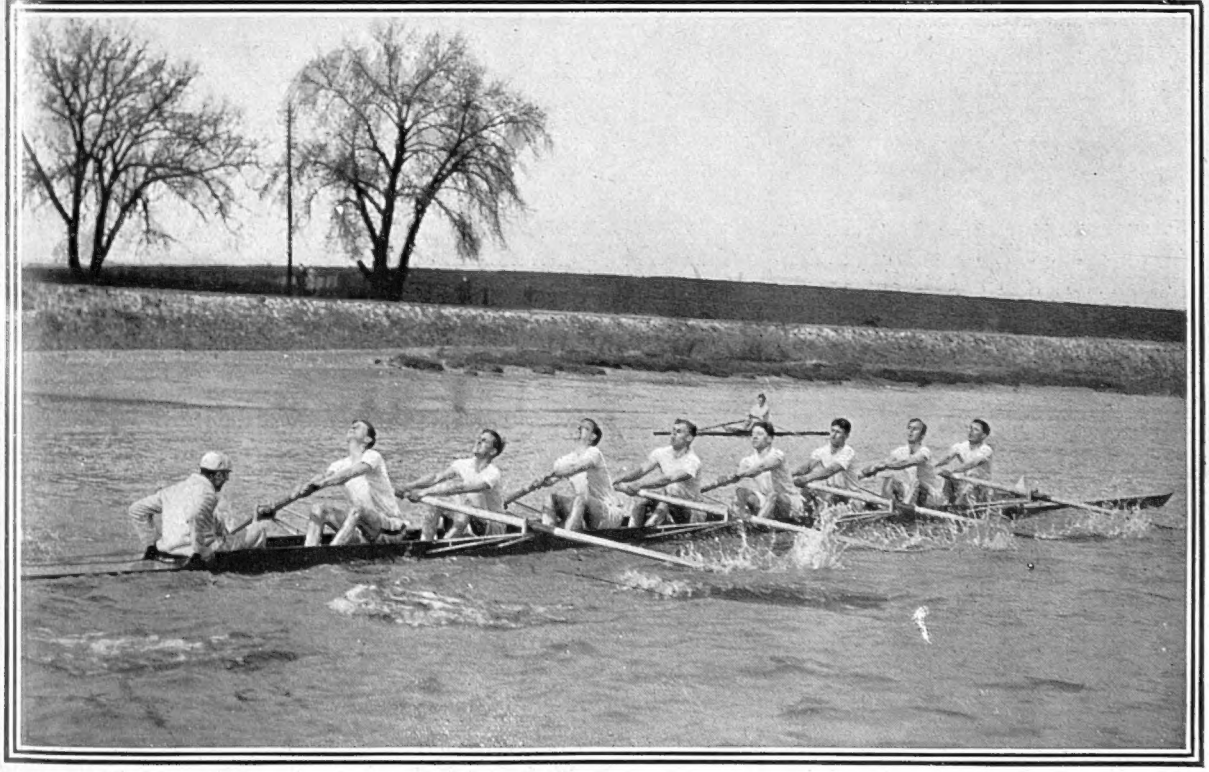
A very large company assembled last Wednesday for these races, though, owing to the death of Mr. Sassoon, there was no Rothschild party as in previous years. There were fine fields and good races, but the ground, owing to the snow and rain overnight, was very swampy

Rival Rowing Blues: A Contrast

THE OXFORD PADDLE: THE CAMBRIDGE PLUG

THE OXFORD CREW PADDLING IN SMOOTH WATER

Two or three weeks ago the 'Varsity Boat Race was all over bar the shouting. On paper, it was Oxford's race all the way; but since then Cambridge have valiantly surmounted the difficulties of their early training and have "come on" to an extent which hardly seemed possible. They may make a race of it after all. The interesting personality in the crew is D. C. Collins, the New Zealander, who is rowing two, for he has also played for Cambridge twice in the 'Varsity Cricket Match, and such an instance of a "Double Blue"—for rowing and cricket—has not occurred since 1870, when J. W. Dale rowed twice for Cambridge and played thrice in the cricket eleven against Oxford. The "great man" of the Oxford eight is R. C. Bourne, their stroke. He has already stroked Oxford to victory three times, and if he can do it again next Saturday he will create a record, for no one has yet stroked four winning crews, though men have before now rowed four times in the winning boat



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW "ALL OUT" IN THE ROUGH

The sculler just ahead of them is the spare man

Last Week's Luncheon-Table Topics

Royal Racing

FOR the Grand National, Knowsley, Lord Derby's "long, low, rambling house of little architectural merit," with its 3,000 acres of walled-in park without and its up-to-date comforts within (plenty of coal *there*, I understand) is prepared to receive Royalty, and there will be the keenest disappointment should the King not go. Royalty at a race-meeting does, somehow, make such a difference — even when said Royalty, not without a certain Royal charm, forgets, and discusses utterly extrinsic matters when the "gees" are actually on the field!

PRINCESS VICTOR NAPOLEON

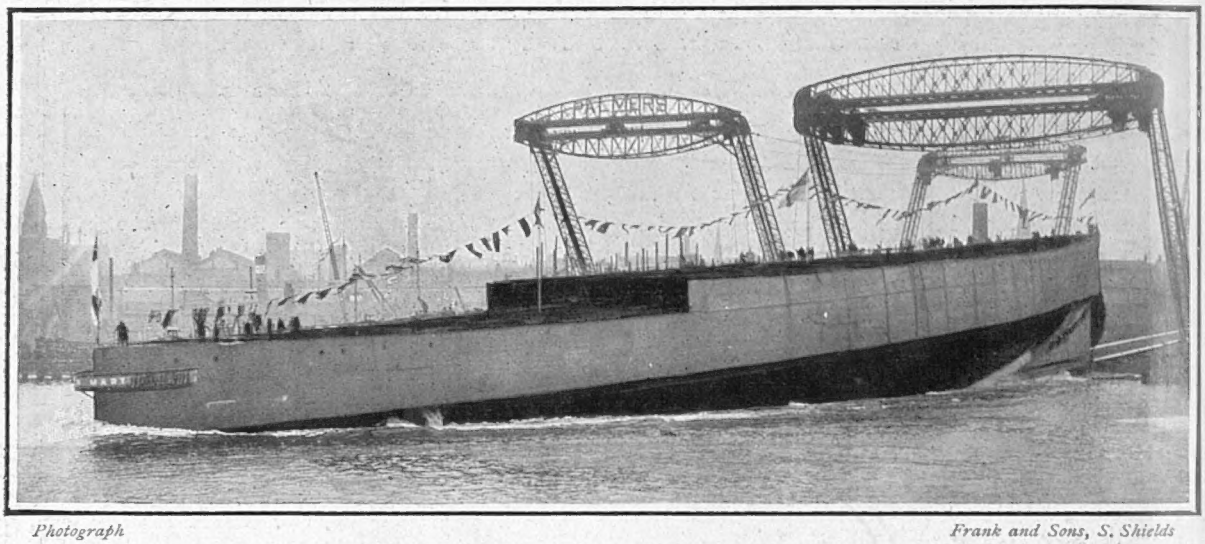
The wife of the Bonapartist Pretender to the French throne, who has just given birth to a daughter in Brussels. Thus the baby was not born on French soil, but the next best thing was obtained by covering the floor of the room with earth specially brought from France!

appeared often on the stage, married, been divorced, and compounded with his creditors. The Hertfords are not the wealthy family they once were, the fourth Earl having left much of the property to Sir Richard Wallace, whose widow gave the nation the Wallace collection.

***

Mr. Mann at Home

MR. TOM MANN'S appearance as a terrible fellow is one of the most surprising personal events as, to those who interested themselves in the Labour movement ten years or so ago, he had been written off as a lost soul. Deserting his brother agitators, he became the owner



Photograph *Frank and Sons, S. Shields*

THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY," THE MOST POWERFUL CRUISER IN THE WORLD

This fine vessel of war was launched at Jarrow last Wednesday, the ceremony being performed by Viscountess Allendale. When completed, she will be the most powerful cruiser in the world

The Court

IS expected at Sandringham for Easter, but that arrangement, too, it is understood, lies contingent on the state of affairs political and industrial. If it is carried out the King and Queen and their children, with a select few friends, will spend the recess at York Cottage, Queen Alexandra, who is not yet sufficiently recovered from her attack of influenza to complete plans for her spring cruise, being in residence at far more palatial and convenient Sandringham close by.

***

A New Marquis

THE Earl of Yarmouth becomes Marquis of Hertford just too late to take part in the Minimum Wage legislation. His lordship first became known as a skirt-dancer at a charity entertainment in Tasmania. Since then he has

THE SYNDICALIST IN THE POLICE COURT

Mr. Tom Mann, President of the Industrial Syndicalist Education League, who was charged at Salford Police Court last week in connection with his recent revolutionary speeches

of a hostelry close to the Opera House at Covent Garden, and opera-goers in evening-dress were not infrequently seen, between the acts, in quite jovial conversation with the ex-Socialist leader, whom they thought to have comfortably settled himself down among the *bourgeoisie*.

***

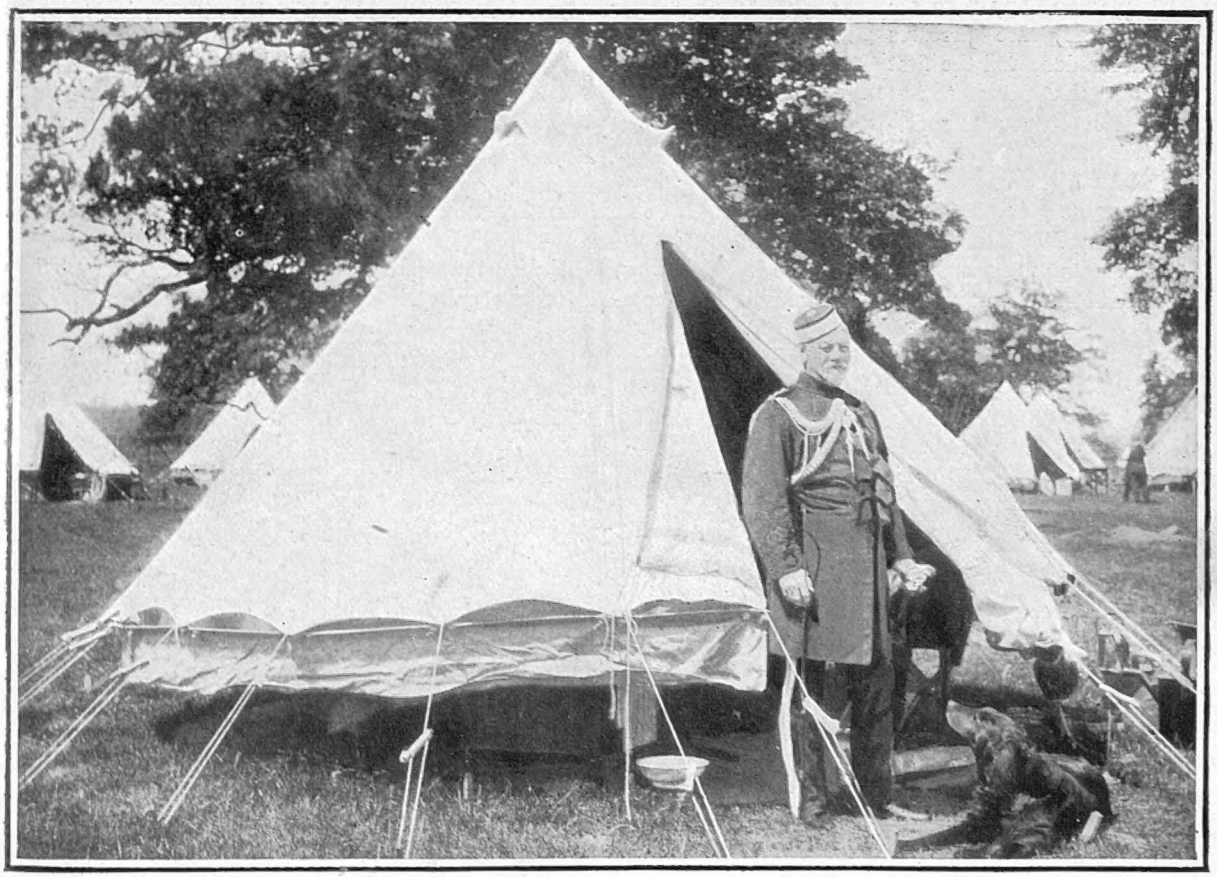
Well-Fed Reformers

MANN is not of the dour total abstaining type of Socialist. He used to wear *his* dress clothes, too, and, when opportunity offered, consume the tastiest of food and wines. One remembers, however, that that even more violent extremist, Mr. Grayson, used to "do himself" quite as well as the House of Commons *cuisine* allowed. There is also the French *confrère*, Pataud, who threw up Syndicalism for the champagne trade. The Syndicalist, even less than the Socialist, is not troubled with living the life he

The Sixth and Seventh Marquises of Hertford

THE NEW MARQUIS OF HERTFORD (THEN EARL OF YARMOUTH) STANDING BY THE OLD FAMILY COACH

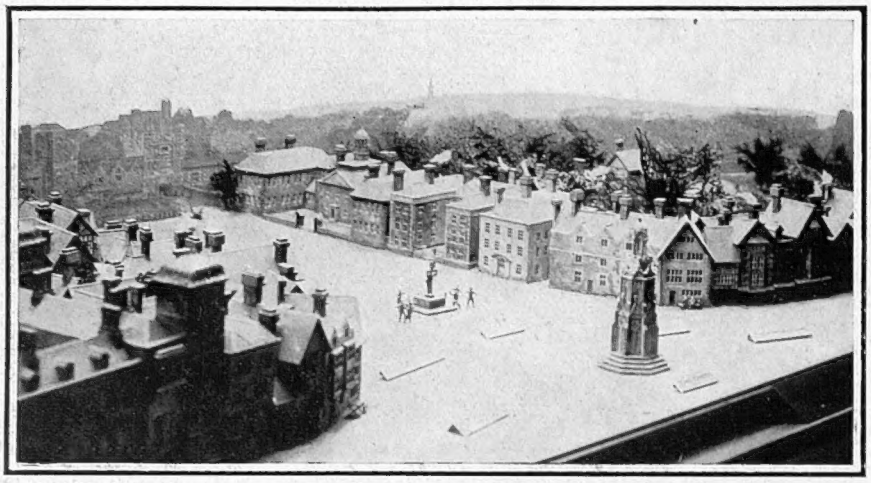
Photographed by the late Marchioness of Hertford at Ragley Hall. Lord Yarmouth succeeds to his father's title at the age of forty



THE SIXTH MARQUIS OF HERTFORD, WHO DIED ON SATURDAY LAST

Photographed by the late Marchioness in his uniform as Colonel of the Warwickshire Yeomanry in the grounds of Ragley Hall, Alcester

Oh, to Have Lived in London Then!



MODEL OF OLD CHARING CROSS AT THE LONDON MUSEUM, KENSINGTON PALACE
Note the absence of the Nelson Monument, fountains, statues, lions, motor-'buses, Socialists, and Suffragettes

pretends to prescribe for others. He is, therefore, a foe for whom Society need have little fear, for the working-class, as a whole, are impressed not at all with such leadership.

***

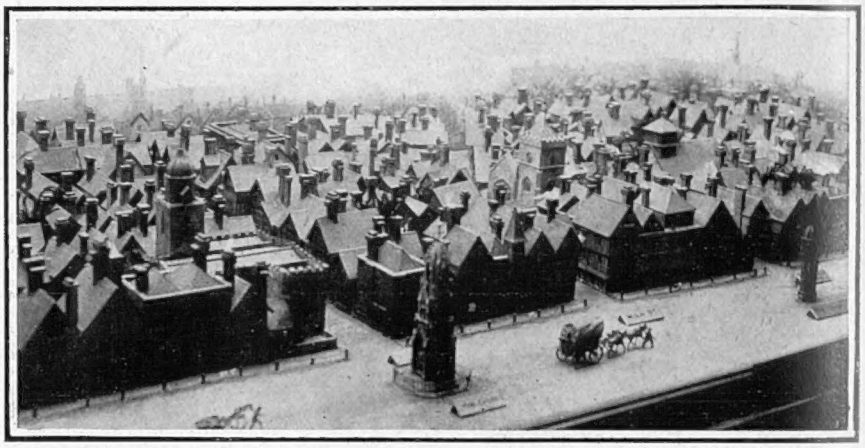
Old London

I AM publishing on this page three pictures which I am sure will have a most cheering effect on those who happen to see them. They are pictures of old London, and the first reflection that occurs to one is that it was a London without coal strikes. In the words of the poet, "the world went very well in those days." Then, the only tyrants over the public were those feudal barons, of whom Mr. Balfour spoke in his speech, who, in comparison with Trades Unions, were the mildest of autocrats.

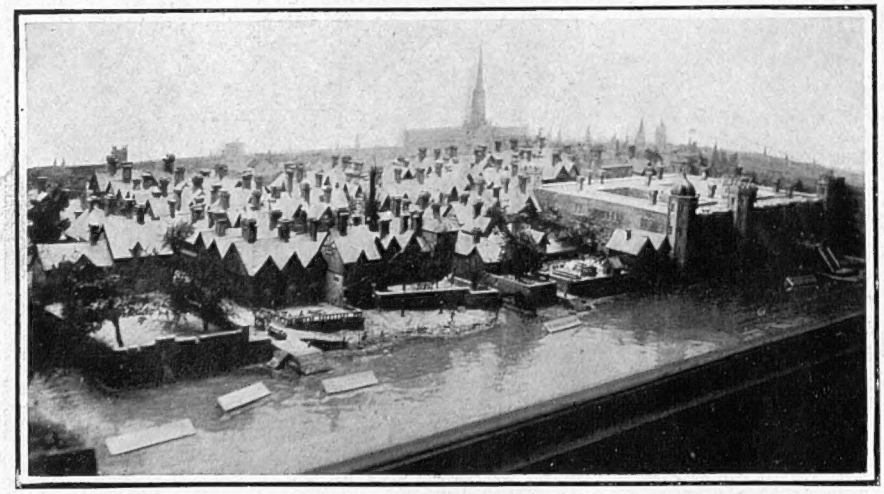
***

Inverted Coal Strikes

SINCE writing the above lines I have thought it wise to turn up a reference book to make sure that there *were* no coal strikes in the London of which I speak. I find I am not quite right here. Following the license given by Henry III. to dig coals near Newcastle, coal strikes took place frequently in the fourteenth century. The strikes, however, were not on the part of the coal miners against the public, but on the part of the public against the coal miners. Coal was regarded by the public as a nuisance during the whole of the fourteenth century, and petitions were presented protesting against its use! I trust this small contribution to current knowledge on the coal question will be thankfully received.



MODEL OF OLD CHEAPSIDE
Exhibited at the London Museum, Kensington Palace, opened on Thursday last by Their Majesties



VICINITY OF "THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE IN OLDEN DAYS
Note the close proximity on the right of the Bridewell Palace, also the waters of the Fleet River. Old St. Paul's is to be seen in the background. The district is not nearly so picturesque to-day, despite the presence therein of the offices of this journal

***

Coal and Pole

ONE of my more important contemporaries had, as last week's placard, the startling words, "All About Coal; All About the Pole." The editor's conception of a public, one half of whose interest is for its hearth and home and its food and its income and its national existence, and the other half is for the South Pole, is quaint, but there, there, who can pretend to understand the British public?

An American Hostess of Official Liberalism

THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN (with the Earl inset)

The giver of a reception to meet the Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith on March 22. The photograph was taken last week at her ladyship's town house in Chesterfield Gardens, where the reception was held. Lady Craven is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, the well-known Americans. The Earl of Craven's photograph is by Langfier

The Free-and-Easy Point-to-Point

THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE HUNT 'CHASING AT HENLEY-IN-ARDEN

WATCHING THE SPORT FROM THE TOP OF A HILL OVERLOOKING THE POINTS

THE jolliest part of the hunting season is paradoxically considered by many to be the end of it. The point-to-point races of the various hunts are looked forward to with tremendous zest, not only by the members of the hunt, but by the farmers and even the labourers on the hunt lands.

We are now at the height of the point-to-point season, and these happy-go-lucky, free-and-easy 'chasing meetings are being attended by large crowds. The informality of the arrangements is delightful after the stern regimen of the big racecourses, and the fraternising of rich and poor is quite a notable feature.

A HOMELY GRAND STAND
Mrs. Brook and Mrs. T. E. Brook take a rest between the races

No better method, perhaps, could be adopted for preserving a friendly feeling between a hunt and the tenants of the land it covers than by the annual holding of point-to-point races. An event is always contested by the farmers exclusively, handsome prizes being given. Moreover, the labourer on the land is given his holiday, and a rare festival he makes of the day which provides his only opportunity of seeing any sort of a race-meeting.

Photographs
IMPROVISED LADIES' STAND AT THE WINNING POST
The group includes Miss Sidney and Miss Charlton

Sport and General
THE JUDGE'S "STAND"
Left to right: Major E. C. S. Hobson, Miss Jeffrey, Mr. Deane, and Mr. Wiggin

Men in Top Hats, Out Walking

THE SNAPSHOTTER'S ONE AND ONLY WAY OF EXPRESSING A POLITICAL CRISIS

SIR EDWARD GREY
Going to the House re Miners' Bill

MR. McKENNA

MR. ARTHUR LEE
Both going to the House re Miners' Bill.

MR. BALFOUR
Also going to the House re Miners' Bill

SIR RUFUS ISAACS AND MR. BUXTON
Going to the House re Miners' Bill

GRAVE CRISIS IN GERMANY!
Which we are only able to depict by publishing a photograph of two men in top hats, out walking. On the left is the new German Secretary of Finance, Herr Kahn

WE publish this page of photographs in the full knowledge that they have probably been seen before in daily illustrated papers. There is nothing novel or striking about them. How can there be? Whenever any kind of crisis happens, either at home or abroad, down goes the snapshotter to Downing Street, or, if abroad, to the Quai d'Orsay, or the Wilhelmstrasse, and snapshots—men in top-hats, out walking! It is his only way. However grave a "situation" the only tangible expression thereof is to be found in the faces and bodies and feet of the men who go to make it, and, alas! these men resolutely refuse to look any different on one day of their official lives than on any other—at all events, where the snapshotter can get at them.

What is to be done? Well, either the snapshotter must conceal himself somewhere where he can "snap" the men in actual process of making a "situation" (assuming even then that they look at all unusual) or the Ministers must help them. Sir Edward Grey must stop still in the middle of the street and soliloquise. Mr. McKenna must dishevel himself. Mr. Churchill, dispatch-box in hand, must ride from the Admiralty to the House on a charger. Mr. Asquith and Mr. George must differ loudly in Downing Street itself. As for Ambassadors with ultimatums, they must carry them in their hands, and ask for the Minister in loud, offensive tones. Unless something of this sort is done to help him, the snapshotter will be bound to give up all attempt to present the public with a really convincing pictorial expression of a political crisis.

Interview with Miss C. Pankhurst

A DEFENCE OF PAST METHODS, AND A FORETASTE OF FUTURE ONES

IT is not my business to state exactly where this interview took place, but it did take place, and quite recently, and it represents the last public statement of Miss Christabel Pankhurst at the moment we go to press. No discussion took place on the recent campaign of window-smashing. Miss Pankhurst chose to confine herself to discussing general policy. I invited her to tell me whether, in her heart of hearts, she believed the militant methods to have been a success from the militants' own point of view.

"A well-known man of affairs," was the reply, "called on me recently, and said that in his expert opinion we had not made a single mistake."

"But haven't you reintroduced violence—methods of barbarism, into politics?"

"Violence," said Miss Pankhurst deliberately, "will never be absent from political life. We deny, however, that *we* began the violence in the present struggle."

"Really? Then who did?"

"*They* did. We attended a Liberal meeting before the Election of 1906 for the purpose of ascertaining what would be the attitude of the new Government towards our cause. Sir Edward Grey, who was present, took not the smallest notice, and our members were violently thrown out. Then, and then only, did we begin the 'militant' tactics."

"But Sir Edward Grey and other Ministers are now on your side."

"But not the Government as a whole, and while the Government as a whole keeps us out of our rightful place in the Constitution, we shall continue to fight them by all means."

"But what of the other side? They are hostile!"

"We are not concerned with the Opposition. Only with the Government. We claim the vote for women on the same terms as it is, or may be, granted to men. If the Government persist in introducing their Reform Bill, they must include women in it. If they withdraw it we will be content with the Conciliation Bill on the same conditions as it is at present given to men."

"Suppose the Bill should pass, does that bring your 'militant' tactics to an end?"

"Once we have the vote, militancy is at an end, because we should then be within the Constitution, and should take part in general politics according to woman's interest in them, in the same way that men do."

"Would you not then agitate to make women eligible to Parliament?"

"So far, we have no policy on that question. We do not put it forward. Don't think," said Miss Pankhurst, "that we *like* this sort of thing. We don't enjoy prison, I assure you, and our pleasure will be enormous when it is possible for us to settle down and take our proper part in political affairs."

"Suppose, to put a leading question, a Parliamentary candidate who *believed* in Suffrage, puts it in the forefront of his programme, does the W.S.P.U. give him special support? I know of cases——"

"So do we. But we cannot make distinctions, or specially support any one candidate or any one party. Our policy in an election is to oppose alike all supporters of the Government which refuses us the vote."

"Even if the candidate himself is in favour?"

"It is necessary. Ours is a non-party organisation, which opposes the Government as a Government."

"And what of the country people? Have you tested the opinion of the countrywoman?"

"Where we have, we find the countrywoman is as much in favour as the townswoman of the general principle. But countrywomen have a special interest in the matter because it is a fact that women property-holders, particularly widows of tenant farmers, are frequently turned out of their farms by the landlords because they have *not* the vote, and the landlord wants a tenant who has. Isn't that a glaring injustice."

"It must be remedied," I said, rising. "The constituency in which my friend is interested is X——"

"Is it? Well, his opponent is a strong 'anti.' *He* will have our attention, I assure you, on his own account. As a supporter of the Government we will do our best to secure his defeat."

"But my friend would much prefer that you supported him than merely oppose his opponent."

"It is our policy," said Miss Pankhurst, sternly, and I wondered if Mr. Asquith himself could be more grimly sagacious and non-committal than this youthful type of the sex to which he denies the right even to put a cross against a name on a ballot-paper.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD—CEREMONIAL

The Queen of Spain saluting the public from the balcony of the Town Hall of Alicante, where their Majesties were accompanied by the Mayor and Councillors. King Alfonso is seen on the left

WOMEN ONE MEETS JUST NOW ON THE LONDON STAGE

No. 1.—MISS MARIE LÖHR

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

IN "THE 'MIND THE PAINT' GIRL"

She plays the part of a musical comedy actress of good nature but easy habits, who has to choose between marrying a penniless Bohemian who loves her and a dull young nobleman who merely idolizes her. She chooses to stick to the credit, and let the cash and the title go, and to marry the former, but that gentleman himself renounces his right, and—well—curtain! Our photograph shows her receiving the attentions of Lord Farncombe (Mr. Vernon Steel). Miss Löhr's acting pleases stalls and gallery alike, and it may be said that she is at once a Löhr for the rich and the poor

WOMEN ONE MEETS JUST NOW ON THE LONDON STAGE (Continued)

No. 2.—MISS MABEL LOVE

In "98.9." A lady of extreme stand-offishness, to win whose notice an ardent lover has to perform prodigies of pushfulness on land and in the air. Nothing, however, moves her, and only a young man on the stage would keep at it with the pertinacity of Stanley Miles (Mr. Robert Loraine). Among the helps to enjoyment are an aeroplane trip and a cinematograph show

No. 3.—MISS ENID LESLIE

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

In "Dear Old Charlie." Married to Charlie (Mr. Hawtrey) she is innocent enough to be deceived by that gentleman as to his past. Fib after fib is told to cover up the traces of his premarital intrigues, and she actually believes them until the last act when all is forgiven and the curtain falls on a scene of what looks like being bliss for several days

No. 4.—LADY TREE

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

In "The Chalk Line." A lady who, pretending to be an ardent sympathiser with the cause of universal peace, gets out of a Pacifist fanatic a secret by which he proposes to wipe out, at one blow, the army of the first Power to break the peace. This she duly hands to the Power whose spy she is

WOMEN ONE MEETS JUST NOW ON THE LONDON STAGE (Continued)

No. 5.—MISS HAIDÉE WRIGHT

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

In "Milestones." Very rarely is an actress given so superb an opportunity as in the case of this rôle. Miss Wright has to portray a young girl of 1860, a middle-aged, spinster-aunt of 1885, and an old and withered woman of 1912. In the last two acts of the play her speeches have something of the same effect on one as a Greek chorus. This photograph shows her as the girl of 1860 in the first act

No. 6.—MISS KATE CUTLER

Photograph *Illustrations Bureau*

In "The Fire Screen." Angela Verrinder is a flirt of the most unblushing character. She has the "man fever" badly, and her efforts to ingratiate herself with Horace Travers, an accomplished lady-killer, and at the same time gain the affections of her cousin Martha's husband, are the bases of the plot of an interesting and witty play. It is curious to note that at the end of the play Angela gets neither of the men at whom she made such a dead set

No. 7.—MISS COMPTON

In "The Bear-Leaders." Mrs. Stanhope Molyneux (with her husband) earns her living by licking young cubs into shape, by polishing their manners, and teaching them to shine in Society. She is, as Miss Compton could hardly help being, a delightfully natural and refined woman, gentle and persuasive, and always certain of getting her way by the most delightful methods

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

THAT BLESSED WORD CO-PARTNERY.

FURTHER OPINIONS ON "SOCIAL UNIONISM"

"That Blessed Word Co-partnery"

(*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER)

SIR,—Fortunately, both Mr. Fitzgerald, the Socialist, and "V.C.," the Social-Unionist, are agreed on one point—that the worker employed for his labour does not get his share of the profits obtained in the exchange of the product of their mutual effort. This is a distinct achievement.

The difficulty arises in setting the world right. Mr. Fitzgerald's remedy would probably be combination of workers, control by them of political power, and, subsequently, a statutory measure, with or without compensation, vesting the ownership of Capital in the State, causing the bone of contention, profit, to disappear. This solution is obviously full of difficulties, and we cannot look to it with any degree of cheerfulness for any help in the immediate future.

"V. C." suggests a charming compromise. He recognises the principle of evolution, and would reach the happy state desired step by step, in a manner that would be acceptable to everybody. His idea of co-partnership, even if stated in an idealistic manner, is not uneconomic, the business principles could be brought into line, and surely on the score that half a loaf is better than no bread, the Socialists should be satisfied.

Mr. Fitzgerald condemns co-partnership as a failure, but this must be because he misses "V. C.'s" spirit of co-partnery. In the past co-partnerships the so-called partners are partners by the benevolence of the master only, and there is very little of the good faith and fellowship which must exist if the parties are to be really partners, men high and low in the business working for the common weal.

The co-partnery of "V. C." is something more solid. It might even be State supported. Why should not the Government buy out the business where all parties are in agreement and loan the Capital at a fair rate of interest to the co-partners?—Yours, etc., LEX

Brixton, March 14, 1912.

From Mr. A. W. Gamage (of Gamages, Ltd.)

I found the article on co-partnery very interesting, but I am afraid the exigencies of business have prevented my giving Society or Social-Unionism the attention which, perhaps, the subject demands. Anything, however, which makes for the prevention of industrial trouble and a better understanding between the classes of society can only recommend itself to thinking people.

I quite agree that the "idea" of co-partnery cannot be adequately expressed or grasped in terms of individual schemes, and I think the writer's conception of the whole social economy being subject to it is fine. We must, however, be careful that our enthusiasm does not lead us to think of co-partnery as Utopian Socialism.

We must make a liberal allowance for the factor of human personality, which can never be ruled up square with a straight edge, weighed up in pounds, or measured out in gallons. Indeed, the irregularity of human thoughts and ideas makes absolute perfection impossible in any scheme of politics. Practical perfection is always a compromise.

The co-partnery idea as developed by the author of the article is, nevertheless, an excellent step towards a better mutual understanding between parties which at present seriously misunderstand each other.

High Holborn, E.C. A. W. GAMAGE

Brain *Versus* Labour

(*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER)

SIR.—I read the letter by the Vicar of Brixton with great interest, but he seems surprisingly to miss "V. C.'s" point in his remarks about the impossibility of co-operation between brain-workers and operators. Your writer makes it perfectly clear that the true spirit of co-partnery would recognise the relative positions of the two classes. I have a lot to do, in my daily life, with operators, not as an employer, but as a hired brain-worker. Now, these men are Radicals and Socialists to a man, and have all the usual animus against Capital. But never once have I heard them dispute the superiority to themselves of the men whose *ideas* they execute, and their right to proper remuneration. On the contrary, if one ever has a few minutes in which to chat with them about these theories, one is repaid with close and intelligent appreciation.

Whatever the war between Capital and Labour, I believe there is none whatever between Labour and Brains when they are real brains, and nobody is quicker to judge when they are or are not than my good friend the British workman.—Yours faithfully,

Balham, March 22, 1912. CO-PARTNERITE

In Conclusion—for the Present

DO I dream, or is it a reality? Here are three men of the very type to whom one looked for unbending opposition, and here they are, all three of them, enthusiastic supporters. The business men are telling us that co-partnery is practical, and one of them is Mr. Gamage, a merchant prince if ever there were one. When an idealist suddenly finds himself told by practical men that his theories are workable, his instinct is for immediate flight. Suppressing that instinct in my own case, I now beg my correspondents to enlighten me as to what can be *done* to bring the idea to reality. What is at present being done in co-operation is excellent, but, so far, the ideal has been mainly commercial. That which I offer is rather more than that. It is to establish a spirit of *camaraderie* in industrial enterprise, whereby Capital takes its place as partner with, not employer of, Brains and Labour, and each co-operates with each in the sharing of effort and profit, and also in the amenities of life. Such a spirit in universal being, the era of Labour Warfare and Class Hatred is ended. Who is going to take the first step? V. C.

Why Go to the Sackville Gallery?

PASSING EVENTS ADEQUATELY "FUTURISED" BY SID TREEBY

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT is hoped that the more thoughtful Syndicalists will shortly publish a little calendar, giving the probable date and duration of strikes for the current year. The literary value of such a work would be enhanced by quotations from the speeches of Mr. Hartshorn, Mr. Keir Hardie, and others.

* * *

At present the 39,999,000 people who are not Syndicalists find themselves hampered by not quite knowing when to expect the worst. Old Moore, and that sort of prophet, are so much too optimistic.

* * *

"Literary Enquirer" writes to ask which Tom it was of whom the famous lines:

"Tom never from his words departed;
His virtues were so rare——"

were written. He has heard that the original of the poem was Tom Mann.

* * *

This is not the case; Tom Bowling, of course, being the hero in question. Still, we are bound to state, that many people think that Mr. Mann's virtues are pretty rare, too.

* * *

Perhaps it is hardly to be wondered at that enthusiasm in the Boat Race should be greater than ever this year. In view of the very doubtful future of coal, any experiment in driving a boat by purely muscular power is certainly to be watched with the closest interest.

* * *

Surely the British Museum authorities have been needlessly careful in closing their doors against the Suffragettes? Far from objecting to the British Museum, it is one of the few places in which the Suffragettes would gladly leave men undisturbed.

* * *

Richmond Corporation have decided that all lads employed in road-scavenging must attend evening continuation classes. It is a good plan. Time often seems to hang heavily on these lads' hands; and to be able to bring out their violin, or their French grammar—in the pauses of work—should refresh them, as well as delight the busy passer-by.

Other of our public servants should be given similar opportunities. We have often felt how jolly it would be for instance, if dustmen could be taught the trombone, and play it on their rounds, thereby superseding the German bandsmen, whom, at present, we also have to tip to make them go away.

* * *

A contemporary declares that there is "some mystery about Mr. John Burns. Since the last General Election he has never addressed a public political meeting." We cannot see anything very mysterious about this. Megaphones are much easier to hire now than they were when Mr. Burns was in request at public meetings.

* * *

Hillsville is the name of the little American town where so many people were murdered a few days back. It is a picturesque name; but in view of the dramatic interest now attaching to it, we should not be a bit surprised if the inhabitants should wish to alter it slightly by changing the preliminary "i" into an "e"

* * *

Olympia, after giving us "The Miracle," is, in a few days, to become the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition. A little later on, to keep up this sequence of artistic and wonderful changes, we should like to see it as the scene of a Cheap Coal Market, a Great White Sale, Milton's "Comus," a Suffragist Pageant, the First Irish Parliament, and a store of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

* * *

The new German military air equipment is to consist definitely of two branches—"cavalry" aeroplanes, and "artillery" airships—for scouting and offensive work respectively. Considering the fate of some of the German flying machines, they ought surely also to have a third branch—"infantry vacuum-cleaners"—for sweeping up the remains.

* * *

We gather from a contemporary that the latest novelty in fashions is "the tulle coiffure band, which looks like a swathing passed right round the head. It almost hides the hair." For a complete disguise, however, a mask and domino should be added.

LE HIGH-LIF ANGLAIS
As depicted in French caricature
By Kenneth Bird

A Bateman Brace: Disconcerting Replies

Patient (*a sportsman who has been badly peppered*): "But, hang it all, doctor, since the accident I've gained two pounds!"
Doctor: "Ah, but you forget the amount of shot you received in your back"

Waiter (*referring to the weather*): "Looks like rain, sir!"
Customer (*referring to his drink*): "Yes. Smells like coffee, though!"

BY H. M. BATEMAN

THE BYSTANDER ABROAD

Photograph A SCENE IN THE FIRST ACT OF "SAPPHO" AT THE CAPUCINES, PARIS *Bert, Paris*
Left to right: Mlle. Maud Harry, Mlle. Regina Badet (kneeling), Mlle. de Landy, Mlle. Valery, Mlle. Audral

The Bystander in PARIS

The Man Who Knew

"But then, of course, I know my Paris," he said, and he winked the little wink which in this twentieth century means, "Eh, what?" and has supplanted the slap on the back and the "dontcher-know, deah boy," of the 'eighties. I choked over my beer. The little Frenchman opposite murmured, "*Your* Paris, *ah mais oui!*"—and put one more lump in his coffee than he meant to. The man who "knew his Paris" stared at us both. "I seem to have said something funny," he said. And we both roared at that. For he had said something very funny indeed. He had put into words the belief of a lot of you who bring friends across here and show them the ropes. He knew his Paris, you know your Paris,—who doesn't know his Paris? For that Paris to which the little wink belongs is known to all of us. It is bounded by the Grand Hotel—no, let us say the Madeleine or Maxim's—and the Gymnase and Marguéry's, and at right angles to this line by the Palais Royal and the Place Pigalle. It is the Paris in which the waiters speak English and everybody wears evening-dress clothes at the proper time. The Paris in which you feel very French when you drink *crême de menthe* (which, by the way, Parisians avoid by the name of *menthe verte*), and in which you demand a big glass for your fine champagne with the air of a man who knows his way round and is not to be humbugged.

The Holiday Feeling

I am not complaining at all. I love standing by and watching you do these things. You enjoy your knowledge of Paris as heartily as the Cambridge man enjoys his knowledge of London—eh, what? I am a person in a humble walk of life myself, and there is one thing that I always enjoy thoroughly about a holiday. It is the feeling that I have had for my bath all the time I want, that my shirt is cleaner than it usually is—the feeling of glee in the newly pressed clothes and the hotel valet—the feeling of irresponsibility and superiority engendered by the hotel people's backbending. That is just the feeling you bring over to Paris with you for the second time you come, and which makes you enjoy showing the other fellow round.

No Illusions Shattered

I very nearly refrained just now from putting these things on paper. I love most people in this world except sub-editors (I even know a fellow in the Income Tax Department, who is a very decent sort), and I should hate to destroy any man's illusion. But I know perfectly well that if any of the men I am writing about read these lines they will chuckle and say that they hit off dear old So-and-So's outlook, down to the toe-nails. So, of course, no illusions will be shattered at all. Certainly, there is some excuse for the wink about Paris. It's in the air. London air is heavy, like bottled stout. Paris air is champagney in texture. So when you have the extra-clean-shirt feeling on you, and the holiday is in your blood, you naturally feel just a bit — eh, whatty! But the point is that in the week you spend here you don't live the Parisian's life, although you think you do. If you

Yet Another Sappho

THE NEW PLAY AT THE CAPUCINES IN PARIS

Photograph *Bert*

MLLE. MAUD HARRY IN "SAPPHO"

The book of the play by Michael Carré and André Barde will hardly bear summarising in an English newspaper. Considerable space would be necessary for delicate treatment of its indelicacy. And this, notwithstanding that heavy cuts were made at the rehearsals. It should become quite popular with Easter visitors to Paris

Registered design]

know any Parisians intimately, ask them how many times a week they have supper at Montmartre, ask them how often per week they frequent any place except bed between midnight and 4 a.m., and ask them how they go to the theatre. It is one of the great jokes in Paris that the managers of the theatres are able to entertain Parisians for half price or no price at all, because of the exorbitant charges the foreigner pays.

A Matter of Taste

I REMEMBER once meeting a delightful old man at a hotel at Meiringen, in Switzerland. He told me that the intelligence of the Parisian was a very much over-rated product, and that the gaiety of the city was a myth. He puzzled me a little until I found out that the only subject in which he was really interested was the various uses and possibilities of ionones. He had asked the hotel-porter for information on the subject, and had been sent to the Russian Church. Then he explained that ionones were chemicals, not eikons, and the porter took him round to the nearest chemist's. He had dined alone at the hotel with a book by his side, and he left Paris next morning. Now, the man with the wink does not have to do that. Parisians didn't cater for my ionone friend because there are not enough of him to pay.

But Paris will provide you with artificial gaiety to any extent, and do it very well, because a good many of you come over just for that. Ten Parisians out of twenty

YET ANOTHER CLASSIC DANCER!

Mlle. Isis, whose portrait appears above, is appearing at the Odéon, in Paris, in some novel Greek dances

remain at home in the evenings just as English people do, and five of the other ten dissipate with a cup of coffee and a pack of dingy cards, with which they play *manille* or some other innocent game with friends in a corner of their favourite café. Over and above everything the Parisian is the direct reverse of what you believe he is. Regularity, the same thing at the same hour, every day and always, is his god.

As in Oxford Street

AND if you don't believe this, and I'm quite sure you don't, ask any Parisian his opinion on the irregularity of the tie uniting a hundred thousand or so men here to a hundred thousand or so women. I am willing to bet that the answer will be that the *ménage libre* has become a more insistent tie than the one which is knotted by the priest and by Monsieur le Maire. It is simplified marriage, that's all. And when you see the crowds of respectable middle-class folk walking up and down the boulevards on Sunday afternoons you will see little difference between them and the crowds in Oxford Street. But, of course, these crowds are out of your beat. You will be at the races on Sunday—that is so Parisian, you know. They are not any more Parisian really than a similar performance nearer home on Saturdays. But races on Sundays are so un-British, and a little bit—eh, what, what? Yes, we have lots of fun, when we come over here. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Photographs *Bert, Paris*

MLLE. E. d'ALENÇON

The well-known Parisian divette, in her new and sensational performance in the new revue at the Théâtre de la Scala, Paris

The Bystander IN BERLIN

A MEMORY OF AN ALPINE COAL STRIKE

The Heroes

Even the void, Suffragetteless Continent yields adventures; and to-day the Berlin Bystander has fished one out of his romantic *Tageblatt*. It happened appropriately in the soaring Alps; and the heroes were the distinguished painter, Herr Moritz Rotenschleim, the admirable mountain-guides, Herr Josef Besserer and Herr Franz, and Herr Besserer's mountain love, Fraulein Myrtha Bock, the milk-maid.

Gratitude and Coal

Herr Rotenschleim dwells in Munich by the incomparable Isar, and the others dwell in Kufstein by the incomparable Inn. Herr Rotenschleim engaged Herr Besserer to guide him to the aerial Grotthuette, the shelter of the Austro-German Alpine League. Herr Besserer guided him so brilliantly that grateful Herr Rotenschleim promised to draw his portrait. But as he carried neither crayon nor paper, he seized a lump of coal, dashed off Herr Besserer's profile on the shelter wall, and superscribed it: "Josef Besserer."

A Tale of Length

Herr Besserer was delighted; and at first did not notice that Herr Rotenschleim, a founder of the Secessionist-Post-Impressionist-Futurist-Aorist-Imperative School, had drawn his nose at least two centimetres too long. Herr Franz, his sharp-eyed rival in love and mountaineering, who arrived ten minutes later, did notice it. He emitted a serial-story, Ha! Ha!, whirled back to Kufstein, and reported that the wall of the Grotthuette bore Besserer's caricature with a nose as big as your fist. It was the work of the famous artist Rotenschleim. Before nightfall the story had distinctly improved, and all Kufstein knew that the famous artist Rotenschleim had drawn Guide Josef with a nose a metre long.

An Ultimatum

Fraulein Myrtha Bock awoke to the fact that her youthful Josef had become Kufstein's laughing-stock; and she resolved to see the Bergeracian nose, and know the worst. As milkmaids are used only to lush pastures, she could not climb, so she implored love-sick Josef and his equally love-sick rival, Franz, to bear her to the summit. When she reached the shelter, she was so primed with evil presages that though the nose was in reality only a trifle exaggerated, it seemed to her to project down the whole Inn Valley. And when she awoke from the inevitable swoon she adjured Herr Josef to erase the nose. "Otherwise," she menaced, "our bridal day will never dawn. I shall die a virgin."

AUSTRIAN HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE AND WIFE

The photograph shows the Archduke Karl Franz and the Archduchess Zita at Kolomea, the very remote Galician station of his regiment. The journey thither was covered on horseback and took three or four weeks

The Deed is Done

Herr Josef was torn between love and duty. He took from his pocket the "Municipal Instructions for Kufstein Guides," and declaimed Par. 99 C.: "Guides are required to protect the property of the Alpine League. . . ." Therefore he refused to extirpate the insulting snout. Fraulein Myrtha screamed. She vowed that Kufstein's ridicule had made her life a burden, and she begged Herr Josef and Herr Franz to drag her to the Devil's Precipice, and drop her into the abyss. And Herr Besserer wavered, shut his eyes, and raising his ice-axe hacked the hideous caricature into the unreturning past.

The State Pays

In frivolous Britain this would have led to sniffy leaderettes about Saxon trippers' vandalism. The Continent is serious. The State held it proper to indict Herr Besserer for "malicious damage to a work of art." The Court acquitted Herr Besserer on the ground that though a drawing in coal is a work of art, an unlettered hillman could not know that. The State appealed. But in vain, for Herr Besserer was again acquitted, this time on the ground that a sketch in coal is not a work of art. The State's costs amounted to £57.

An Unhappy Ending

That was the end of Herr Josef's luck. Though his shame on the storm-girt Grotthuette was effaced for ever, a reporter had secretly copied the sketch; and he now reproduced it in the *Kufsteiner Meineid-Zeitung*. Only instead of the nose, as in Herr Rotenschleim's coal-sketch, being two centimetres too long, it appeared at least four centimetres too short. And now Kufstein roared with such ridicule that humiliated milk-maid Myrtha married rival Franz; and Herr Josef had to start an action against Herr Rotenschleim for destroying his only chance of founding a happy fireside home.

A BURNING QUESTION IN GERMANY

The German coal strike, particularly in the Ruhr Valley, was accompanied by serious rioting. As the police forces were found not strong enough, the Government sent soldiers to the district, and the photograph shows the crowd fleeing before the latter in the streets of Dortmund

The Burial of a Battleship

THE ILL-FATED "MAINE" CONSIGNED FINALLY TO THE DEEP

GENERAL VIEW OF THE OPERATIONS FOR RAISING THE "MAINE"

THE "MAINE" AFLOAT INSIDE THE COFFER-DAM, HAVANA HARBOUR

The sinking of the American battleship "Maine" in Havana Harbour was the immediate cause of the Spanish-American War. She was recently raised to the surface. The bodies of the crew are being conveyed to America for interment, and the ship was re-sunk on the 17th inst. off the Cuban coast with imposing ceremony. After she had disappeared, the surface of the water was seen to be strewn with flowers which had been placed on her deck, while the air was filled with smoke from the salvos fired by the American and Cuban war vessels

Riviera Notes

Jealous Mentone

MENTONE just now is suffering from an acute attack of jealousy. The cause is the new Les Grottes Casino, which, with its roulette tables, is proving such a draw that the baccara-rooms of the Municipal Casino are comparatively deserted. Terrible threats are being hurled at the heads of the Les Grottes promoters if they continue to attract visitors to Mentone to their gambling-rooms. One of the Casino directorate was even heard to say that he would build a wall across the frontier road to prevent people driving to that particular corner of Italy where the new casino stands, but one imagines that both the French and Italian Governments might have something to say were this threat carried out. In the meanwhile, despite threats and curses, Les Grottes continues its victorious career, and has already added a third roulette-table in order to accommodate the rush of players.

A Riviera Axiom

WITH the Nice flat-racing and the mi-Carême fêtes over, we have nothing left to look forward to but the motor-boat and hydro-aeroplane meeting at Monaco, and the *Entente Cordiale* fêtes at Nice and Cannes, which the coal strike threatens to turn into a very small affair. Only three British cruisers are to take part in the "naval review," and as most Britishers will have got back to the frozen North by the end of Easter week, the show will be mainly for the benefit of the natives of Nice and Cannes. Why the authorities fixed on so late a date as April 12 for these fêtes to begin passes understanding. The later the fête, the bigger the failure, may be taken as a Riviera axiom.

Professional Golf at Monte Carlo

FIVE of the best "pros."—Braid, Massy, Taylor, Vardon, and Sherlock—are to play on the Monte Carlo links on Mont Agel on April 20 and 21 next. The full course of eighteen holes is now open, and people down here are wondering what the cracks' opinion of the links will be. Mr. Lethbridge, the secretary, is confident that all the course wants is time to make it one of the best in Europe, but more than one player who has tried the links describes them as "a hopeless proposition," and declares that the turf will never be sufficiently up to the mark. We shall see. Anyhow, the Casino, which has already spent well over £40,000 on the course, is quite prepared to keep on spending to make the links perfect. There is one thing for which all golfers have nothing but praise, and that is for the club-house, which is one of the most sumptuous in the world. The food is quite perfect, and no end of people who have never handled a niblick or a mashie, drive up the difficult road to Mont Agel for *déjeuner* and a stroll. A good many pigeon-shooters also find their way up there, a novel kind of "shoot" having been arranged for those who care for this questionable sport, which seems to find less and less favour with Englishmen each year.

MADAME LINA CAVALIERI AT MONTE CARLO

LITERARY NOTABLES AT MONTE CARLO
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Bennett (on extreme right) after lunching at Ciro's. Just behind them is Mr. Pinker, the well-known literary agent

Changes at Monte

ALL sorts of changes are rumoured at Monte. Some say that the Sporting Club is to be abolished, at any rate, so far as gambling is concerned. Others declare that the Louis Ganne Concert-Room in the new annexe is to be turned into a *club privé*. I am also told that the scheme of building a residential club at St. Roman has been abandoned, and that an hotel is to be erected in its stead. There seems to be a doubt as to whether the Palais du Soleil will re-open, it having failed to draw, especially from the gambling point of view. No end of money has been spent in giving splendid music-hall and theatrical shows, but while the theatre has often been filled, the baccara-room—one of the finest on the coast—has been deserted all the season, people preferring to risk their money in the rooms of the Sporting Club.

The German Invasion

THE Germans, who were less in evidence in the earlier part of the season than usual, have now invaded the coast in thousands, and to hear an Englishman speak is quite refreshing. The Germans, when they are not in the Rooms, spend most of their time at the little tables outside the Café de Paris, consuming gallons of Lager beer. It must be confessed that they scarcely make a decorative crowd, and give Monte Carlo a shabby appearance that it really does not deserve. Some of the Fraus' frocks are marvels of the *couturier's* art, and the men's clothes would drive a West End tailor into a fit. However, this German invasion is certainly good for the Casino, whose dividends come far more from five-franc pieces than *mille* notes.

From Fashion's Headquarters

This is the time of year when fashions change for better or for worse. Our lady readers will be interested to see the above page of snapshots, obtained in Paris, which gives a representative idea of the modes most popular at the moment at the headquarters of dress

In Aid of Intimate Art

THE CHIEF PROMOTERS OF THE "MOONSHINE" CABARET

MR. GEORGE BELCHER
The well-known black-and-white artist

MR. HAROLD SPEED
The eminent artist, one of the patrons

MR. H. M. BATEMAN
Whose drawings are well-known to "Bystander" readers

MR. RICHARD BLONDEL
Director of the cabaret, in character

MR. G. SPENCER WATSON
An artist of the very modern school

MR. P. G. KONODY
An authority on art topics in the daily press

The cabaret, recently established at the Boudoir Theatre, is designed for the production of all those forms of art which would be overwhelmed by the conditions of the ordinary stage, and which can only exist in an atmosphere of intimacy. The presiding spirit is Mr. Blondel, the Chansonier from Vienna, and we publish portraits of other well-known promoters

Camera portraits

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"RUTHERFORD AND SON" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

THIS, as far as I can make it out, is an elaborate sketch of a monomaniac. John Rutherford is a man of business, very much like the hero of *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*, to whom, it will be remembered, no family disaster mattered so long as there was business to be done. Rutherford's case differs from that of the other man to the extent that his mania is to build up a business for his son, just as the business was built up for himself by his own father. But when his son quarrels with him and goes off to Canada, Rutherford complacently appoints a grandson in the son's stead, without worrying in the least over the fact that the son for whom he professes to have toiled so hard will never reap the harvest. Apart from that, the business of Rutherford and Son has been on the down grade for some years, so that, even if the son had come into his own at last, it is very doubtful if the game would have been worth the candle.

It is a strangely complex character that Miss K. G. Sowerby has drawn; and if it is really true to life, I can only echo the noble sentiments of the great poet who said that what this country wants is more lunatic asylums. Rutherford's mania is his pride in the glassworks that his father made famous; but to judge by the appointments of the "living room" at his house, the great business does not yield a standard of even third-class suburban comfort; and one can only assume that a man who would wreck the lives of an entire family in order that this doubtful benefit might be passed on to another generation is a very dangerous kind of lunatic indeed. John Rutherford, junr., who seems to have sized up his beloved father pretty well, declines to make known a valuable invention he has completed, for fear Rutherford the elder should collar all the swag. Rutherford's countermove is to bribe a workman to reveal the secret of the invention so that it may be stolen for the honour and glory of Rutherford and Son, and set the old firm on its legs again.

Another strange character in the play is that of Rutherford's daughter Janet, who has been kept at home till she is thirty-six, and who has never had the chance of being married. At length, suffering, apparently, from what the author of *The New Sin* has happily called "sex starvation," she forms a *liaison* with the foreman of her father's works, and we are left in little doubt as to the lengths to which the trouble has gone. When the scandal has become the talk of the village, Rutherford hears of it, and charges his daughter with her error. Thereupon Janet turns on her father, and staggers him with an eloquent outburst of home-truths respecting his harsh treatment of her during her childhood and early womanhood. The scene is vividly reminiscent of *The Lily*, the fine play with which Mr. Lawrence Irving woke up London a year or so ago. Miss Edyth

MR JOHN RUTHERFORD IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY

Sketched at the Little Theatre

Olive, who plays Janet, is quite magnificent in this scene, and as the curtain fell on the second act the audience became deservedly enthusiastic. The chief interest centres, however, on Mr. Norman McKinnel's masterly performance as Rutherford. Assuming such a character to be humanly possible, Mr. McKinnel certainly went a long way to make it convincing. The quiet, brutal strength of the man was conveyed to us by his every movement. Even when he had nothing to do but sit at his writing-table while his second son, a clergyman, talked amiable nonsense at intolerable length, Mr. McKinnel, suggested the mule-headed Rutherford by his manner of working out calculations on a paper before him as though by this means he hoped to keep in check the passion that was boiling within him.

"PROUD MAISIE"

AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

THE play opens in the "Armoury of Pitcour Castle," on August the 18th, 1745. The gentle reader who, like myself, still retains on his bookshelves in case of emergencies the irritating primers of his schooldays, will be in a position to assert without fear of contradiction that this was the day before that on which Prince Charlie set up his standard amid the purrple heather of bonnie Scotland. We have a legend of a fair lady who e portrait hangs on the wall in memory of her great exploit. For, learning that her brother would not go out and fight a duel in which he had become involved, she took his sword and fought the duel herself for the honour of her house.

It has been remarked before that history repeats itself. When we see the heroine of this play, Proud Maisie, attired in a full outfit of philibeg, sporran, and several other wild Scottish words, and when we find that she can fight with a sword a good deal better than most other ladies can fight with their hands and nails, we may not unreasonably entertain the suspicion that the story of the play has already been told to us.

When we find that young MacAlpine, the life-long enemy of the family, is in love with Proud Maisie we think at once of the Montagues and the Capulets, and guess that history is about to repeat itself once more. The story, in fact, proceeds as per specification with touching fidelity. MacAlpine turns up at a ball given in Bonnie Prince Charlie's honour at Pitcour Castle, and there he meets Maisie's brother, Guy, who calls him a spy, and then smacks him in the face. Anyone can see that there has got to be a duel after that, although Guy's father declines to admit the necessity for it. I do not pretend to know much about these things myself, but it seems to me that if it is not time to fight when the other man has called you names and slapped your face, you would at least be justified in pushing him about a little, and asking him to promise not to do it again. It is at this point that Proud Maisie comes in. The proposed duel places her in an awkward predicament. Like the gentleman who would not discuss heaven and hell because he had friends in both places, Maisie is very personally interested in the two combatants. If her brother kills MacAlpine she will lose her lover; and the victory of MacAlpine will not mend matters, because she can never marry her brother's murderer. The picture of the duelling heroine on the wall gives Maisie her cue. She has become possessed of the keys of the back door, and she resolves that she will go out and meet MacAlpine, who will take her for her brother in the dim light, especially as she is wearing her kilt at the moment.

A Scene from "Futherford and Son:" Sketched at the Little Theatre

The final scene is most impressive, not to say dispiriting. MacAlpine arrives on the scene first—alone; for, as this is to be a duel to the death, there must be no seconds to interfere at the first scratch. A moment later Maisie comes out by the back door of the castle without a word, and both begin to strip (figuratively speaking, of course) for the fight. The silence is most uncanny. Presently MacAlpine breaks it by suggesting that if Guy is willing to apologise the trouble may yet be overlooked; but Maisie can say nothing for fear her voice should betray her. A very spirited fight then ensues, the sword-play of Mr. Ainley as MacAlpine and of Miss Alexandra Carlisle, as Maisie, being extremely neat and effective. The first two rounds are indecisive. There are one or two clinches, and once MacAlpine is, as it were, forced back on to the ropes (I really think this notice ought to have been the Sporting Editor's job) At the beginning of the third round, however, MacAlpine declares that so far he has not been fighting seriously, and to prove his word he runs Maisie through the body, and she falls to the ground with a sharp cry of anguish. MacAlpine then discovers his mistake, and finding that Juliet—I should say Maisie—is, alas! no more, he stabs himself to the heart and falls dead by her side. Talk about a cheerful evening's entertainment!

The piece is admirably mounted, and the acting is all that could be desired. There was a pretty skirmish at the close of the third act, which was very well managed. MacAlpine having escaped up the stairs, is pursued by Guy's retainers. These are, however, stopped by MacAlpine's men, who are already half-way up the stairs—a strategical position that was favoured by a famous Irish swordsm n who claimed that it had the advantage of placing you nearer to your opponent than he was to you. Most probable, I should say. I should not like to hazard a guess that *Proud Maisie* is the kind of thing the playgoing public is looking for; yet, on the other hand, it impresses me as being a very able piece of work.

JINGLE

"Proud Maisie" is a blank-verse Scottish drama by Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, the well-known K.C. It deals with the period of the struggle between the Pretender and the Elector of Hanover, and concerns itself with the love story of two politically opposed young people with ensuing complications

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Phantom Luncheon

By "SAKI"

"THE Smithly-Dubbs are in Town," said Sir James. "I wish you would show them some attention. Ask them to lunch with you at the Ritz or somewhere."

"From the little I've seen of the Smithly-Dubbs I don't think I want to cultivate their acquaintance," said Lady Drakmanton.

"They always work for us at election times," said her husband; "I don't suppose they influence very many votes, but they have an uncle who is on one of my ward committees, and another uncle speaks sometimes at some of our less important meetings. Those sort of people expect some return in the shape of hospitality."

"Expect it!" exclaimed Lady Drakmanton; "the Misses Smithly-Dubb do more than that; they almost demand it. They belong to my club, and hang about the lobby just about lunch-time, all three of them, with their tongues hanging out of their mouths and the six-course look in their eyes. If I were to breathe the word 'lunch' they would hustle me into a taxi and scream 'Ritz' or 'Dieudonné's' to the driver before I knew what was happening."

"All the same, I think you ought to ask them to a meal of some sort," persisted Sir James.

"I consider that showing hospitality to the Smithly-Dubbs is carrying Free Food principles to a regrettable extreme," said Lady Drakmanton; "I've entertained the Joneses and the Browns and the Snapheimers and the Lubrikoffs, and heaps of others whose names I forget, but I don't see why I should inflict the society of the Misses Smithly-Dubb on myself for a solid hour. Imagine it, sixty minutes, more or less, of unrelenting gobble and gabble. Why can't *you* take them on, Milly?" she asked, turning hopefully to her sister.

"I don't know them," said Milly hastily.

"All the better; you can pass yourself off as me. People say that we are so alike that they can hardly tell us apart, and I've only spoken to these tiresome young women about twice in my life, at committee-rooms, and bowed to them in the club. Any of the club page-boys will point them out to you; they're always to be found lolling about the hall just before lunch-time."

"My dear Betty, don't be absurd," protested Milly; "I've got some people lunching with me at the Carlton to-morrow, and I'm leaving Town the day afterwards."

"What time is your lunch to-morrow?" asked Lady Drakmanton reflectively.

"Two o'clock," said Milly.

"Good," said her sister; "the Smithly-Dubbs shall lunch with me to-morrow. It shall be rather an amusing lunch-party. At least, I shall be amused."

The last two remarks she made to herself. Other people did not always appreciate her ideas of humour. Sir James never did.

The next day Lady Drakmanton made some marked variations in her usual toilet effects. She dressed her hair in an unaccustomed manner, and put on a hat that added to the transformation of her appearance. When she had made one or two minor alterations she was sufficiently unlike her usual smart self to produce some hesitation in the greeting which the Misses Smithly-Dubb bestowed on her in the club lobby. She responded, however, with a readiness which set their doubts at rest.

"What is the Carlton like for lunching in?" she asked breezily.

The restaurant received an enthusiastic recommendation from the three sisters.

"Let's go and lunch there, shall we?" she suggested, and in a few minutes' time the Smithly-Dubb mind was contemplating at close quarters a happy vista of baked meats and approved vintage.

"Are you going to start with caviare? I am," confided Lady Drakmanton, and the Smithly-Dubbs started with caviare. The subsequent dishes were chosen in the same ambitious spirit, and by the time they had arrived at the wild duck course it was beginning to be a rather expensive lunch.

The conversation hardly kept pace with the brilliancy of the menu. Repeated references on the part of the guests to the local political conditions and prospects

(All rights strictly reserved)

WHICH IS THE WORST PAIN IN THE WORLD?

in Sir James's constituency were met with vague "ahs" and "indeeds" from Lady Drakmanton, who might have been expected to be specially interested.

"I think when the Insurance Act is a little better understood it will lose some of its present unpopularity," hazarded Cecilia Smithly-Dubb.

"Will it? I daresay. I'm afraid politics don't interest me very much," said Lady Drakmanton.

The three Miss Smithly-Dubbs put down their cups of Turkish coffee and stared. Then they broke into protesting giggles.

"Of course, you're joking," they said.

"Not me," was the disconcerting answer; "I can't make head or tail of these bothering old politics. Never could, and never want to. I've quite enough to do to manage my own affairs, and that's a fact."

"But," exclaimed Amanda Smithly-Dubb, with a squeal of bewilderment breaking into her voice, "I was told you spoke so informingly about the Insurance Act at one of our social evenings."

It was Lady Drakmanton who stared now. "Do you know," she said, with a scared look around her, "rather a dreadful thing is happening. I'm suffering from a complete loss of memory. I can't even think who I am. I remember meeting you somewhere, and I remember you asking me to come and lunch with you here, and that I accepted your kind invitation. Beyond that my mind is a positive blank."

The scared look was transferred with intensified poignancy to the faces of her companions.

"*You* asked *us* to lunch," they exclaimed hurriedly. That seemed a more immediately important point to clear up than the question of identity.

"Oh, no," said the vanishing hostess, "*that* I do remember about. You insisted on my coming here because the feeding was so good, and I must say it comes up to all you said about it. A very nice lunch it's been. What I'm worrying about is who on earth am I? I haven't the faintest notion."

"You are Lady Drakmanton," exclaimed the three sisters in chorus.

"Now, don't make fun of me," she replied, crossly. "I happen to know her quite well by sight, and she isn't a bit like me. And it's an odd thing you should have mentioned her, for it so happens she's just come into the room. That lady in black, with the yellow plume in her hat, there over by the door."

The Smithly-Dubbs looked in the indicated direction, and the uneasiness in their eyes deepened into horror. In outward appearance the lady who had just entered the room certainly came rather nearer to their recollection of their Member's wife than the individual who was sitting at table with them.

"Who *are* you, then, if that is Lady Drakmanton?" they asked in panic-stricken bewilderment.

"That is just what I don't know," was the answer; "and you don't seem to know much better than I do."

"You came up to us in the club——"

"In what club?"

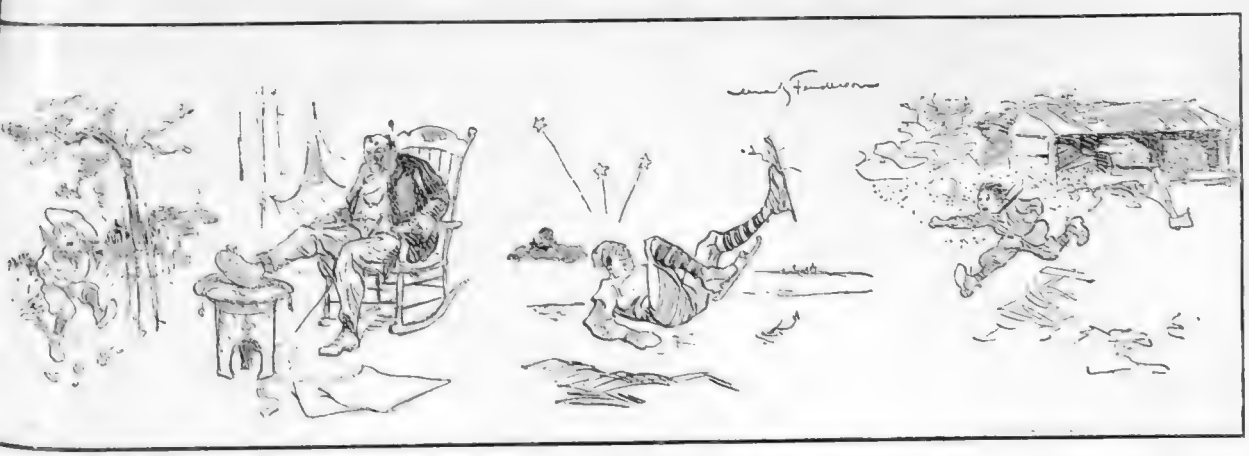
"The New Didactic, in Calais Street."

"The New Didactic!" exclaimed Lady Drakmanton with an air of returning illumination; "thank you so much. Of course, I remember now who I am. I'm Ellen Niggle, of the Ladies' Brass-polishing Guild. The Club employs me to come now and then and see to the polishing of the brass fittings. That's how I came to know Lady Drakmanton by sight; she's very often in the Club. And you are the ladies who so kindly asked me out to lunch. Funny how it should all have slipped my memory, all of a sudden. The unaccustomed good food and wine must have been too much for me; for the moment I really couldn't call to mind who I was. Good gracious," she broke off suddenly, "it's ten past two; I should be at a polishing job in Whitehall. I must scuttle off like a giddy rabbit. Thanking you ever so."

She left the room with a scuttle sufficiently suggestive of the animal she had mentioned, but the giddiness was all on the side of her involuntary hostesses. The restaurant seemed to be spinning round them, and the bill when it appeared did nothing to restore their composure. They were as nearly in tears as it is permissible to be during the luncheon hour in a really good restaurant. Financially speaking, they were well able to afford the luxury of an elaborate lunch, but their ideas on the subject of entertaining differed very sharply, according to the circumstances of whether they were dispensing or receiving hospitality. To have fed themselves liberally at their own expense was, perhaps, an extravagance to be deplored, but, at any rate, they had had something for their money; to have drawn an unknown and socially unremunerative Ellen Niggle into the net of their hospitality was a catastrophe that they could not contemplate with any degree of calmness.

The Smithly-Dubbs never quite recovered from their unnerving experience. They have given up politics and taken to doing good.

"SAKI"



ANSWER: ANY PAIN ONE MAY HAPPEN TO HAVE AT THE MOMENT

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

West Africa

At a time when Germany is showing a strong and perfectly natural desire to possess colonies it is interesting to compare her methods in pioneer work with our own. When first we founded colonies, nobody could touch us; but of late it has sometimes seemed as though our Deputy-Commissioners and other officials, fine fellows though most of them are, were looking upon their work as something wretched in the extreme; and the districts which they may have been called on to rule, mere euphemisms for the dread word *exile*. Possibly the Home Government has occasionally made things difficult, as of late years there has always been an officious Member of Parliament, surprisingly ignorant of native conditions, but, in his own view at any rate, broad-minded and humanitarian, to ask awkward questions. You know the kind: "Is it true that a black man was shot . . .?" etc., etc. But I question very much whether the Englishman of to-day is anything like so keen as he was on outpost duty. On the other hand the Germans, determined upon a vast and cohesive Empire, do not appear to be suffering at all from this feeling of exile. To them German territory is merely a part of their beloved Germany, and the consequences of this may be guessed. We are in process of being outmanœuvred.

TO SHOW THAT THEY ARE MARRIED!

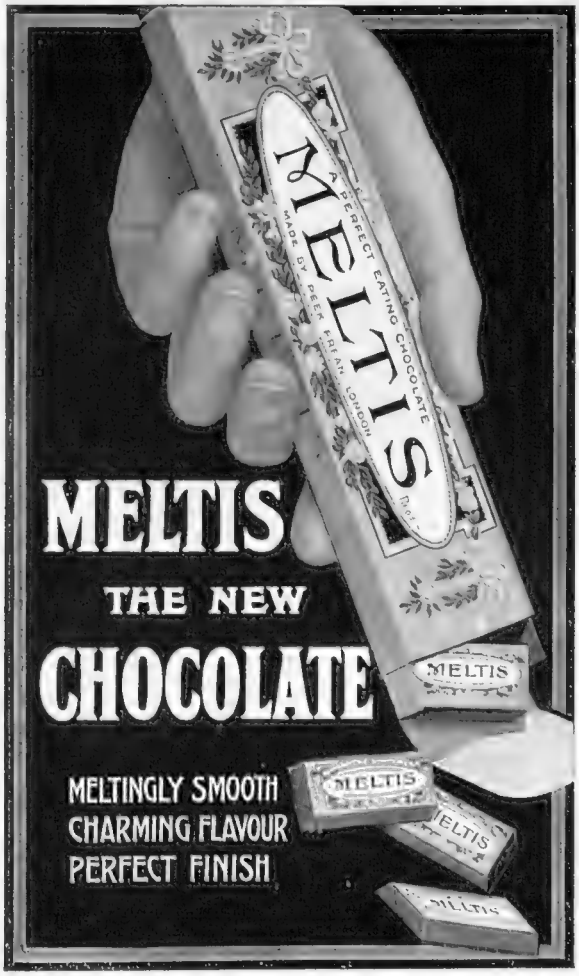
A quaint Nigerian substitute for the wedding ring is the wearing of imitation tails as shown in picture, which is taken from "The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria," by A. J. N. Tremearne (Seeley, Service: 16s.)

A Woman Alone—

Such thoughts as these followed upon the perusal of two books upon West Africa; one, the work of a woman who travelled along the Gold Coast and through parts of Ashanti and German Togo; the other, an account of the tribes in Northern Nigeria by a man sent there on police duty. Both are intensely interesting volumes, and may be recommended to the politician at home. In *Alone in West Africa* (Werner Laurie. 15*s*. net.) Mrs. Gaunt, having all her life desired to visit West Africa, tells of the realisation of her ambition. Intrepidly, she went alone, and naturally surprised both white and black people. Served by some sixteen or more black carriers, she made her way from Sierra Leone, along the Gold Coast into Togo, and afterwards up country to Ashanti. The first thing one gathers from her account is this surprising difference between the English and German settlements which I have mentioned. The Germans, according to Mrs. Gaunt, make their villages beautiful; the Englishmen apparently have other things to think about, and are—generally grumbling. The German brings his wife; but the Englishman is convinced that West Africa is the last place on the earth for womenfolk, and, possibly, his view is entirely natural—so many people have succumbed to the climate. Mrs. Gaunt, however, left England in poor health and returned in the fittest possible condition. People, she found, were greatly afraid of fresh air—though for inadequate reasons. Her journey was altogether extraordinary. In some villages she was the first white woman to be seen, and was examined minutely as a curiosity. No doubt she found herself in several embarrassing situations; but, as she says, "You accept extraordinary and unconventional situations, if you are wise, with a smile, and without a blush in Africa." Books of exploration can easily become dull, but Mrs. Gaunt's book is without a dull line. Its unusual intimacy makes for clarity. There is nothing in it which you cannot understand and appreciate. It is perfectly easy to follow Mrs. Gaunt with her pots and pans and bedding and tiny mirror and head-boy, and lazy carriers (who had to be treated as your successful Commissioner treats the erring black man; not as some of the stay-at-homes would have him treated), throughout her remarkable journey. Her book, indeed is so good that you feel inclined to ask her to go away at once, and write another of the same kind. And, possibly, that is what she will do in the near future.

—And a Man

Major A. J. N. Tremearne's *The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria* (Seeley, Service. 16*s*. net.) is perhaps, less personal, but hardly less entertaining. It is, as its sub-title implies, "An account of an official's seven years' experiences in the Northern Nigerian Pagan Belt, and a description of the manners, habits, and customs of the native tribes." Of these, the most extraordinary are the warlike and would-be cannibalistic Kagoro, whose womenfolk show their



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married state by wearing a neat "tail," shaped something like a mushroom, and made of strongly-bound palm-fibre, where nature would have put it had she considered it necessary. The men seem to collect heads—possibly to counter-balance matters. They are altogether a weird people, and well deserve a book about their dusky selves. Though Major Tremearne might not be inclined to agree with Mrs. Gaunt's conclusions *in toto*, the two travellers are in agreement at any rate over one point—the question of imprisoning the native for ordinary offences. Both consider it undesirable, for the natives either see in it a possible return to slavery; or, conversely, welcome a cheap lodging with all the glory implied by the wearing of a new (prison) coat.

Murder

Some months ago I mentioned in these columns the story of a particularly callous murder, carried out by an actor, and told in some detail by the murderer himself. The thing read horribly; the murderer showing an almost fiendish ingenuity, not only in covering up his own traces, but also in casting suspicion upon other people. And he showed not the smallest compunction for his crime. You could not admire such a criminal, even though you might have a sneaking admiration for the thoroughness of his preparations. Now, of all people, Mr. Oliver Onions, one of the few novelists to whom the word distinguished may be legitimately applied, has done almost the same thing. In *In Accordance with the Evidence* (Secker. 6*s*.) you have the account of a callous murder which is never discovered; you have ingenious preparations and safeguards; and you have an entire absence of regret. Also you have the murderer, unable to keep silence, telling his own tale after a number of years—a point of some psychological importance. There, however, the similarity between the two stories ends. Mr. Onions is so good a writer that it is beyond the imagination to suppose that he would throw himself away on a merely clever detective story; and, as a matter of fact, the murder in his book contains no mystery, and is but the necessary climax to a psychological study of intense interest. Reading it, and so becoming intimate with this Jeffries, a murderer, and subsequent successful man of business, you almost wonder why so few murders are committed. Jeffries is a jealous man; mad for a girl who loves another. It sounds ordinary; in a sense it is ordinary; the people are ordinary; but that part of Jeffries which is beyond description breaks up into two portions: you have the two Jeffries in antagonism, and the murder is committed. The whole account reads quite naturally; and, somehow, you are all the time on the murderer's side. After all, the man he kills is a useless being. Why shouldn't he be killed? Why, indeed, not? thinks Mr. Onions; and killed the man is. That you tacitly agree that Mr. Onions—or his hero—has somehow dispensed justice may be taken to mean that the book is unusually good. Also, it is curious. Also, rather sad—but very real, and very well worth reading.

RALPH STRAUS.

ENGLISH MUSIC: A NEW PHASE

"The Masque of India"

In many ways the week before last was one of the most remarkable in the recent history of English music; primarily, as I think, because it witnessed the advent to the music-halls of a native composer of the first rank. Many of us may disagree as to the precise merits of Sir Edward Elgar, but there can be no doubt that, in the eyes of the world at large, he stands for modern English music. And so, with the production of "The Masque of India" at the Coliseum, English music has definitely made her peace with the variety theatre.

Disappointing

I could wish that the performance were more worthy of the occasion. To begin with, the Masque itself is decidedly bad, unimaginative both in conception and execution. Then the music is rather disappointing; though of course much of it, particularly the opening bars and the writing for the long stage-trumpets, is effective and clever. But one expects rather more than that from Sir Edward, even in his most "Pomp and Circumstantial" vein. However, one forgot one's peevishness when the composer came to take his call at the end amid tremendous enthusiasm. That was the point after all—a genuine English musician receiving the plaudits of the crowd like any German or Italian, and the alliance of our music to what is already the most popular form of theatrical entertainment in this country.

Significant Appreciation

The second important event of the week owes its importance to a cause very similar. Mr. Balfour Gardiner's concert at the Queen's Hall on the Wednesday was, I believe, the first occasion on which an audience has been thoroughly satisfied with a programme entirely composed of English music. And, as a matter of fact, it was not merely satisfied, it was enthusiastic; it encored one item and tried to encore another. Best of all it left the Hall feeling that it would have liked more.

Works of Merit

A few more concerts like this one and the tradition that to patronise English composers is more of a duty than a pleasure will vanish for good. Besides, unlike the Elgar Masque, we need make no reservations as to the quality of the music. On the whole, it reached a very high level indeed. I do not think that anybody cared for W. H. Bell's rather turgid Border Ballad very much; and, for my part, I could not endorse the popular commendation of Grainger's first two settings of Kipling. The third was good; not so much from a purely musical point of view, but because it interpreted the words so excellently. As to Grainger's other two compositions, Balfour Gardiner's "News from Whydah," and Bax's "Enchanted Summer," they are both, in very different ways, works of the highest merit.

Influence of Folk-Song

Grainger, thank heavens, seems to have definitely brought rhythm into our music; Balfour Gardiner introduces us to the sea-chanty as an art-form; and Bax—well, Bax shows us that an English composer may have moments of inspiration as fortunate as any granted to Debussy or Strauss. It is true they are but moments; the whole does not seem quite satisfactory; but there we must leave it.

FRANCIS TOYE.

'Teach without noise of words—without confusion of opinions—without the arrogance of honor—without the assault of argument.'

MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY—WISDOM FOR THE SPRING

The following, compiled from a Work of an eminent Pathologist.—Now our bodies are like houses in more than one respect, and it is usually found that although each house may be dusted out once a day, there is a regular cleaning up with extra sweeping once a week; and in addition to this there is a SPRING CLEANING of the whole house. Dinner Pills and stimulating diet are like the daily dusting, and while they may answer for some persons, others find that they require additional assistance, and if this be not given to them by means of a cholagogue purgative, they have unpleasant reminders by getting violent migraine with bilious vomiting, and generally they are obliged to fast for at least one day during a continuance of the headache.

G. B. Cipriani, Fecit *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi*

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"This poisoning of our own bodies is due to putrefaction taking place in the large intestine, which in turn is the result of decomposition of food material set up by germs, or microbes, which infest the bowel, and which flourish most where bowel cleanliness least obtains.

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The Euphemism of the Camera

IS IT AN OPTICAL PARROT? BY F. G. AFLALO

MORE often than not critics of the camera abuse its libellous caricature of cherished lineaments. Ruskin contemptuously dismissed the art of photography as making the sun draw brown blots through a hole in a box, and Hawker, the robust old Vicar of Morwenstow, detested photographs—"these sun-pictures which uglify the original as does a caricature."

An Eye Without a Brain

The weakness of the portrait lens lies in the fact that it is an eye without a brain behind it. It sees faces without understanding them. A hand or a foot, posed slightly in front of the subject, is reproduced in grotesque disproportion. The human eye sees the disproportion, but mentally discounts it, for we know quite well that the boot of a man lying end on, with his feet towards us, is not twice as long as his body. The camera knows nothing. It records what it sees without knowing why. It is a kind of optical parrot.

The Operator's Flattery

My own complaint against the portrait camera, or, rather, against the hand that rocks the plate, is not one of libel, but rather one of flattery, for which I lack appreciation. Not long ago a friend said to me, pointing to the portraits of happy brides and speculative grooms in a weekly journal: "Vandyk's subjects must be happy people. They always smile!" I noticed at the time that Mr. Vandyk would probably evoke a grin from the Gloomy Dean himself, but it was not until the other day that I realised the full measure of his cunning, when he sent me an invitation to sit for his series of Literary Nonentities as enshrined in the fattest book of reference in the English language.

Incidents of a Sitting

I sat. Putting no more faith in English sunshine than he does in princes or women, Mr. Vandyk works all the year round with the white electric light diffused through mercury tubes. This gives admirable tone to the pictures, though a passing reflection showed my features bathed in an unearthly pallor, like that of the Nun at Olympia. Once again, the same day, I paled before a camera, for it was the day of The Bystander dinner. And so, looking like an anæmic murderer, I faced the music.

THE WRITER OF THIS ARTICLE (MR. F. G. AFLALO)

as he finally emerged from the ordeal described above, sitting for his portrait as a "Literary Nonentity." The photographer is Mr. Vandyk

The Operator Tries His Best

The operator, a young man of very high ideals, sternly bade me look my natural self. Unfamiliarity with my face (a taste that, like caviare, some acquire late, and more not at all) had evidently betrayed him into the not unpardonable error that I had hitherto been making a grimace. When I disabused him of that idea, he had a moment of pathetic confusion, and then he begged me, more humbly this time, to present to his discriminating and eclectic eye first one profile and then the other. Most people, he told me, have unsymmetrical faces, and look better one side than the other. I insisted that there was nothing to choose between my profiles. After a prolonged scrutiny he agreed.

The Smile to Order

And now, in rapid succession, he exposed half a dozen plates—head and shoulders, three-quarters, and so on. He missed the artistic chance of his life by not asking me to turn my back, but that was up to him. And each time, just before squeezing the bulb, he would say, in tones as persuasive as those of a Y.M.C.A. hustler:

"Now, I don't ask you to smile if you don't feel like it, but you are actually frowning! Just a twinkle in the eyes if you could!"

What could I do but acquiesce? That young man has his hopes before him. Mine are dead. So I switched on the twinkle.

As God Made Me

Right at the end I got my own back. I said, "Young man, you have now taken a series of post-impressionist, merry and bright portraits of me, disguised as a Happy Man without a care. That is a fancy-dress version of me! It is not the version known to my creditors and other friends. I am nothing of the sort. I write for The Bystander — occasionally. My figure is gone. Women have deserted me. And so on, and so forth. Nay, most sympathetic of operators, weep not! It is written. But at the least, requite my patience and take one last picture of me—the real ME!" He did. More than once he hesitated at the squeeze, but he went through with it. And so, amid that series of photographic euphemisms, there is just one veracious presentment of a fat man with no illusions left in life.

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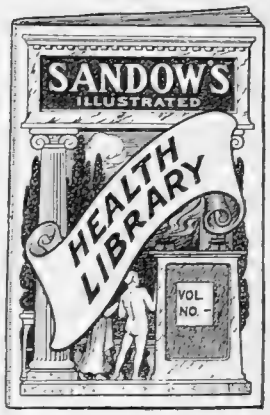

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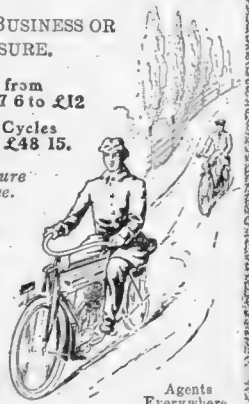

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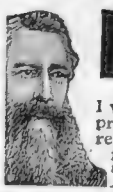

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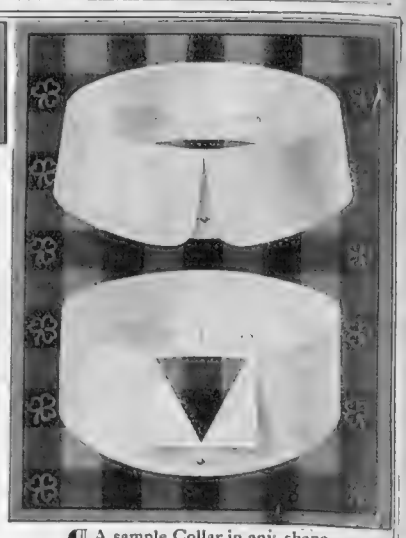

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SHAVALLO

Realism in Political Photography

On page 637 we comment on the incapacity of the camera to depict political crises save in terms of men in top hats. From Persia comes a grim reminder that realism is possible in some countries. The photographs show a political offender about to be executed in the worst of possible ways, by being blown from a gun—a punishment reserved for the most hienous offences, as it is believed by Mohammedans that the annihilation of the body means extinction in the next world. The execution is only one of many that are constantly taking place in the Shah's troubled dominions, the unrest in which is, apparently, once again to tempt Russian intervention.

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THE 'VARSITY SPORTS AT QUEEN'S CLUB

"All Square" After a Great Tussle

Saturday last was a great day at Queen's Club, in spite of the weather, and those who stayed away because of the rain missed a rare treat. Macmillan's Hundred and Quarter were, of course, *the* tit-bits of the meeting. In the Hundred he tied the Inter-'Varsity record for the distance (10secs.), as he did last year, and in the Quarter he beat the record set up by W. FitzHerbert in 1896 (49 3-5th secs.) by a fifth of a second. The latter was a splendid performance, for Macmillan led throughout, stalled off Anderson's challenge some little way from home, and ran himself clean out to the very last gasp. If he had been striving to catch another man on the post, instead of winning comfortably by several yards, he could not have made a more supreme effort. The Three Miles was an exciting race, although the Oxford first and second strings, Gawan-Taylor and Porter, had it to themselves after the second mile. These same two fought it out last year, when Porter won. This time, however, Gawan-Taylor turned the tables on him, though only by a couple of yards. The time (14min. 47secs.) has only twice been beaten at these sports, and would probably have been even better but for a slow first mile. Another fast time was done in the Mile, which A. N. S. Jackson, admirably assisted by W. C. Moore, his second string, won for Oxford in 4min. 21 2-5th secs., while P. J. Baker, the Cambridge President, scored his third win in the Half in a second better than his previous best. This was the last race to be run, and before it Oxford were "dormy one," so that when Baker sprinted home five yards ahead of Anderson, and so made a tie of the contest, he was carried shoulder high to the pavilion. It may be noted that there were two other dual winners besides Macmillan. H. S. O. Ashington won the Hurdles and the Long Jump for Cambridge, and W. A. Ziegler the Weight and the Hammer for Oxford. One event, the High Jump, was won by a second string, J. W. Masterman (Oxford).

THE FINISH OF THE MILE
Won in 4 min. 21 2-5 sec. by A. N. S. Jackson (Oxford), a nephew of C. N. Jackson, the old Blue and O.U.A.C. Hon. Treasurer

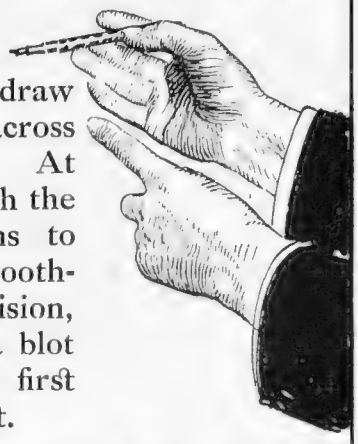
THE HOCKEY INTERNATIONAL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND

IRELAND SCORE THEIR FIRST GOAL, THE ENGLISH GOALKEEPER HAVING RUN OUT AND SLIPPED

THE ENGLISH GOALKEEPER SAVES CLEVERLY AT THE COST OF A CORNER

At Beckenham, on Saturday, England beat Ireland on rain-soaked turf by 10 goals to 3. This was a record, for Ireland has never had "double figures" scored against her before. The match, however, was by no means one-sided, and if Ireland had scored another goal that, too, would have been a record against England

Try it and see



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The Golf School: Its Uses and Limitations

AN interesting feature of the enormous development of golf in recent years is that curious institution, the golf school. Attention has been called to this feature by the farcical match in which poor Toogood was lately engaged at Sunningdale. I am not proposing to engage in the idle task of slaying again the thrice slain. The blindfold match may be consigned to oblivion, but as the idea from which that match sprang emanated from a golf school, it may not be out of place to consider the position and uses held by such an institution in the golfing body politic. I fancy that the idea of the possibility of such a school must have originated as a consequence of a tour of instruction undertaken by Willie Fernie a good many years ago. Fernie, who won the Championship in 1883, was one of the most graceful players the game has seen, and retains to this day his perfect style, although he is now in the sere and yellow leaf. During his tour he gave courses of instruction in the various strokes of the game to any disciples who cared to attend his classes in the various towns which he visited. Those displays of his must have encouraged the idea of starting schools of golf.

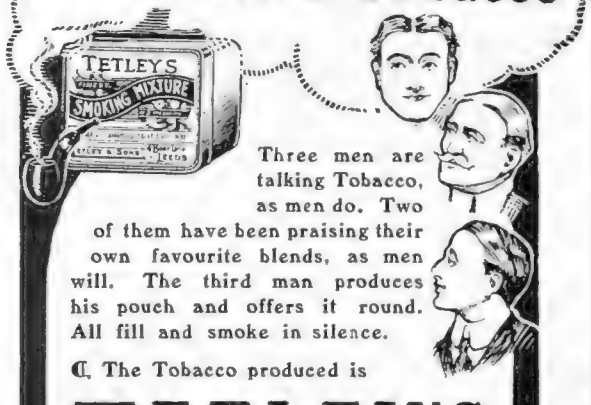
The Pains and Penalties of the Beginner

It was recognised, as golf became increasingly popular, that the courses were too crowded to admit of a professor and his pupil having scope for the arduous, difficult, and painful process of teaching a beginner the A.B.C. of the art. Some hardy spirits, by dint of extremely early rising, or by eating their lunch at an abnormal hour, managed to get the course to themselves, and so had leisure for trying over again faulty strokes. But in the main the beginner had to content himself with instruction at a remote point of the course, and was debarred from taking his lesson during an ordinary round by the impatient couple behind him. On London courses I need hardly say that a beginner who should venture to go out with a professional and endeavour to get a real and solid lesson from his instructor during a round would have a very unhappy and perturbed life.

The Origin of Golf Schools

Golf schools were, therefore, started in order that the tyro might pursue his studies in peace. Here, although considerations of space precluded the possibility of his playing the game in free and untrammelled style, he could, by means of captive balls or nets, learn the fundamental rudiments of golf. He could be taught how to swing, how to strike the ball, and, while the results of his long shots or their faults could not be accurately gauged, yet he would get what we may call a good nodding acquaintance with the long game. For the short game he would be in better case, and I should say that on this side the

Three Men & Tobacco



Three men are talking Tobacco, as men do. Two of them have been praising their own favourite blends, as men will. The third man produces his pouch and offers it round. All fill and smoke in silence.

¶ The Tobacco produced is

TETLEY'S
No. 2 Medium,

and the talk ceases, because Tetley's is —well, Tetley's.

Writing the other day to an advertising man, Tetley's said:—"We are practical Tobacco men, and rely mostly on the quality of our Tobacco for increasing its sale." That's exactly it. Tetley's No. 2 Medium cannot be described adequately in an advertisement because the spirit is all in the Tobacco. Bad Tobacco can be well advertised, but TETLEY'S cannot be advertised well enough—at least so its friends say.

If you prefer a Milder Blend ask for No. 1 MILD.
Try a packet from any Tobacconist and see what *you* think of it. Two ounces cost 1/1.
If any difficulty in obtaining supply, send fourteen penny stamps to
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CROUP.
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.
The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine.
In constant use for the past 120 years.
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COPY OF AN ORDER RECEIVED.
"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."
The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1907.
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"Messrs. Edwards, London, 157, Queen Victoria Street.—Please send immediately two bottles Roche's Embrocation for Hooping-Cough to Count Montenoch, at the Duke Philip of Wue trembleng, Alsazia, Austro-Hungary.
"Two others to me, Princess Windischgraetz, Meran, Tyrol."
Sold by Druggists throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Abroad.
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Of all Wine Merchants and Stores.

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for all departments of the game are the

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ENDORSED THE BEST BY DISCRIMINATING GOLFERS EVERYWHERE.

THE "WHITE COLONEL" - - 2/6
The Golf Ball de Luxe. Made in two markings.
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The Ideal Ball for Windy Days.

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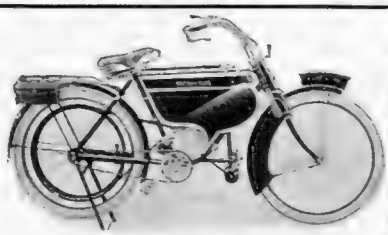

THE GENTLEMAN'S MOTOSACOCHE.

LEIGHTON BUZZARD,
July 12, 1911.

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65, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—I know you will be glad to hear of the Motosacoche. I am happy to tell you that it gives me the greatest pleasure, and I find it invaluable for my long country rounds; in fact, I cannot imagine how I get on without it.

In the town, thanks to the free engine, I find it as convenient to use as any push bike. It is reliable, comfortable, easy to ride, and all you can say of it, and more. Two acquaintances of mine, Mr. ——— and Dr. ———, have both been so taken with my Motosacoche, that they have done likewise, and both are now riding similar machines to mine, and the responsibility of recommending them to do so I gladly bear in the sure knowledge that they will be as pleased as I . . . . and with thanks to you, daily felt as I spin along our *not too good* roads, for the machine and your interest in its rider.—Dr. ———, M.R.C.S., L.R.P.D., D.H.P.

If it were possible to make a better light Motor-cycle than the Motosacoche, its name would be

MOTOSACOCHE
WITH CHANGE SPEED GEAR.
NO OILY DIRT! NO NOISE! NO GYMNASTICS!
Anyone who can ride a pedal cycle can ride a Motosacoche—there is No danger—and one's ordinary walking-clothes will not be soiled.
Anyhow, write for our B Catalogue. It is free; a 4d. postcard is sufficient. Address—
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Rats & Mice destroyed by DANYSZ VIRUS
Non-poisonous and harmless to Human Beings, Domestic and other Animals. Single Tube 2/-
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OMEGA
The Watch of matchless merit
Price One Guinea & upwards, at all leading watchmakers

greatest value of the golf school would be found. But it is important that the pupil who attends a golf school should recognise its limitations. Provided he does recognise them, and does not imagine that he can issue full-fledged from the school, all will be well, and his school grounding will stand him in good stead.

The Delusive Daisy

We all know how beautifully we play when swinging at a daisy; how perfect is our timing, how admirable our swing, how glorious our follow through. But, alas! what a difference when we have that fatal little white ball to deal with in place of the daisy. Very much the same thing on a larger scale applies to the golf school. There we may be taught the principles of the game, and we may learn the art of making grand shots with a captive ball or by hitting into a net. But, oh! what a difference there is when we leave the confined area of the school for the spacious expanse of the course. There we are all at sea. The elbow-room disconcerts us, the distances puzzle us, and the wind baffles us. We have to forget the strait-waistcoat methods of the golf school, and to recognise that the only school where the game can be fully learnt is the school of the actual links. ERNEST LEHMANN

RACING: The Grand National. BY CARBINE

A Question of the Week

Well, which will win—Rathnally or Jerry M.? That seems to me to be the ruling question of the moment at Liverpool, for nothing outside that pair is very solidly fancied. A success for either one of them would be hugely popular. Rathnally was second last year, and clearly unlucky not to win. Jerry M. was second in the preceding year, and made a great effort under big weight. So you see we have the makings of a memorable struggle between these great jumpers. There are other fine 'chasers in the race, such as Caubeen, Glenside, Jenkinstown, Rory O'Moore, Ballyhackle, and Axle Pin, but I do not expect to see the success of any of these unless the top weights should come to grief. I am much torn between Rathnally and Jerry M., and mainly because I believe he has the better jockey I select **Rathnally,** expecting JERRY M. and CAUBEEN to follow him home.

The Liverpool Spring Cup

There is promise of a first-rate race for the Liverpool Spring Cup on Thursday. Lord Derby has often won cups at this meeting, and it would give him special satisfaction to do so in the present week, as nothing would more fittingly complete the pleasure of the house-party at Knowsley, unless, perhaps, it were the success of Axle Pin in the big steeplechase. Lord Derby's colours can be carried in the Cup by his recent purchase, Willaura, or Hair Trigger II., and the selected of the pair is sure to go close, but I think the winner will be **Dalnacrag,** who ran very well in the trial of Hornet's Beauty last week. On the same afternoon **Mordred** seems to have a chance in the West Derby Stakes. On the following day **Golden Rod** may win the Bridgemann Stakes, and on the concluding afternoon my selections are **Outram** for the Earl of Sefton's Plate and **Exhilarate** for the Liverpool Hurdle Handicap.

SIR CHARLES ASSHETON-SMITH

One of the most prominent owners of steeplechasers. He was well-known on the turf as Charlie Duff till he succeeded his brother on his death, when he took the name of Assheton-Smith, which at one time was famous in the hunting world. He is the owner of Jerry M., one of the Grand National favourites

BY RALPH ROWLAND

The King and Racing

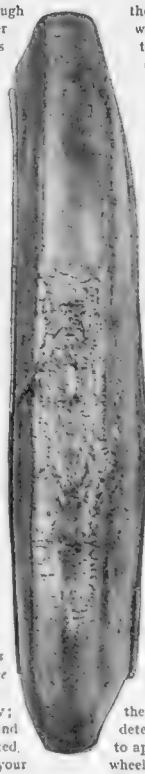
It is hoped that His Majesty's colours will be seen out at Liverpool and **Dorando,** one of the older horses at Egerton House, seems to have a chance of winning the Knowsley Plate on Friday. I am afraid that not much is expected of the King's racers this season, though several of the two-year-olds look like winning. It would be idle to suggest that King George has the same passion for the turf that his father had, but one is able to state with knowledge that His Majesty is not only interested in racing as a sport, but more especially in the breeding side. It would give him the greatest possible pleasure to breed a really good horse at Sandringham, and in view of the first-class lot of mares at the Royal stud, that satisfaction cannot long be denied to the King.

SCRUPULOUS FAIRNESS.—"We have been favoured with a copy of Mr. D. M. Gant's book of rules for this season. There are many features to be found in it which are missing from others, such as, for instance, place betting where the favourite starts odds on. Then, again, there is no limit to the price paid over starting price transactions, the full odds returned being credited to the backer. The rules themselves have been carefully framed, so that the chance of any dispute arising is reduced to a minimum. One point in connection with Mr. Gant's business may be mentioned, and that is the privacy secured to his clients, all cheques being signed in an assumed name. We need only add that all who have had dealings with Mr. Gant are ready to testify to his scrupulous fairness in all transactions. The book of rules will be sent to intending clients on application to 41, New Bond Street, W."—*The Sporting Life.*

MICHELIN'S "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

(Original Photos can be seen at our Premises).

Exhibit B.



Many drivers, excellent though they be, are apt, occasionally, to gloat over the sense of power which a set of good brakes gives them over their car. This tends to breed that "let-her-rip-and-stop-her-all-standing" method of driving, which is wrong.

Although you may be inclined to smile at the idea, there is an *art* in using brakes; and the motorist who studies it judiciously will secure much longer service from his tyres than he who bangs in his brakes and heaves-to with a wrench and a jolt.

A series of sudden, violent stoppages must have injurious enough effects upon a car's accurately constructed machinery; but the poor tyres are the greatest sufferers when brakes are too suddenly applied, because, being in direct contact with the road, they must support a very great proportion of the strain of arresting the momentum of the car.

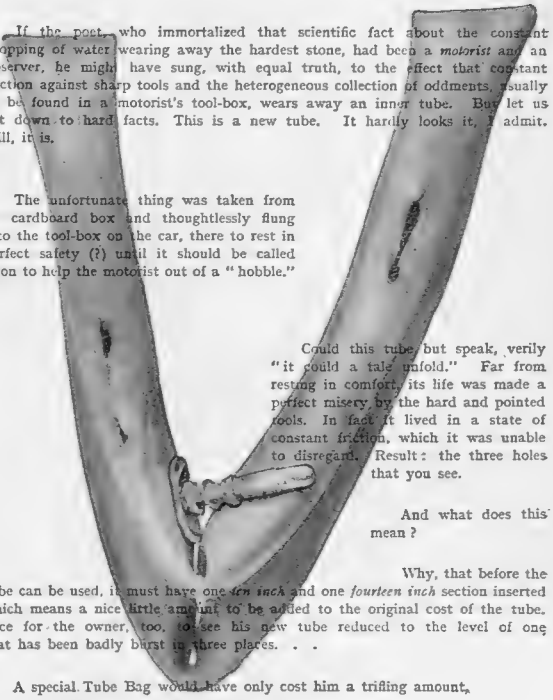
The accompanying illustration shows an almost new Square Tread cover, which, owing to the locking of the wheel and the consequent skidding of the tyre, has had the rubber and canvas torn off for a considerable distance—so much so, indeed, that an actual hole has appeared.

If you saw a man pull a sovereign from his pocket and throw it on the road, you would be somewhat astonished, wouldn't you? And yet the owner of this cover has thrown more than a sovereign away; he has torn off ¾ of an inch of solid rubber and canvas in a few seconds, and has let himself in for a repair bill of at least *two pounds*. Pretty costly, isn't it? The expense works out at the rate of somewhere about *one thousand pounds an hour*—a figure which would make a Rockefeller look a bit sick.

Another point: *Practical tests have conclusively proved that a car is not stopped as quickly when the wheels are locked as when the brakes are applied gently but firmly.*

Absorb that fact thoroughly; then look at the photograph again, remember what it illustrates and determine henceforth to see that your brakes are equally adjusted, to apply them gently, and above all to avoid locking your wheels.

Exhibit G.



If the poet, who immortalized that scientific fact about the constant dropping of water wearing away the hardest stone, had been a *motorist* and an observer, he might have sung, with equal truth, to the effect that constant friction against sharp tools and the heterogeneous collection of oddments usually to be found in a motorist's tool-box, wears away an inner tube. But let us get down to hard facts. This is a new tube. It hardly looks it, I admit. Still, it is.

The unfortunate thing was taken from its cardboard box and thoughtlessly flung into the tool-box on the car, there to rest in perfect safety (?) until it should be called upon to help the motorist out of a "hobble."

Could this tube but speak, verily "it could a tale unfold." Far from resting in comfort, its life was made a perfect misery by the hard and pointed tools. In fact it lived in a state of constant friction, which it was unable to disregard. Result: the three holes that you see.

And what does this mean?

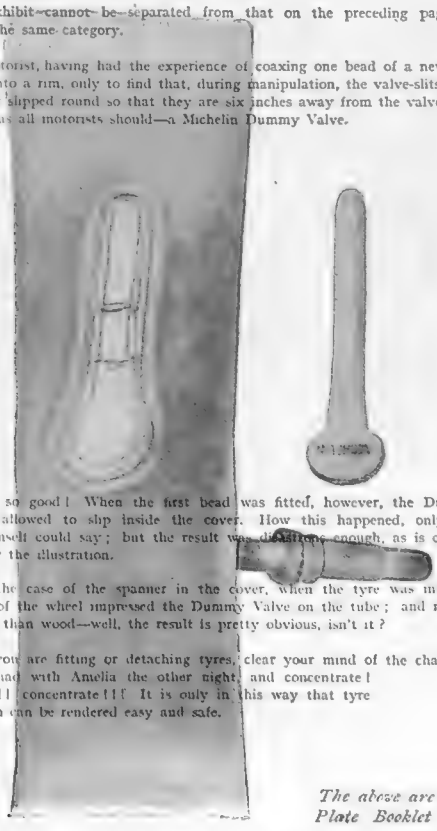
Why, that before the tube can be used, it must have one *ten inch* and one *fourteen inch* section inserted which means a nice little amount to be added to the original cost of the tube. Nice for the owner, too, to see his new tube reduced to the level of one that has been badly burst in three places. . .

A special Tube Bag would have only cost him a trifling amount.

Exhibit D.

This exhibit cannot be separated from that on the preceding page; it belongs to the same category.

The motorist, having had the experience of coaxing one bead of a new and still cover into a rim, only to find that, during manipulation, the valve-slits have mysteriously slipped round so that they are six inches away from the valve-hole, purchased—as all motorists should—a Michelin Dummy Valve.



So far, so good! When the first bead was fitted, however, the Dummy Valve was allowed to slip inside the cover. How this happened, only the operator himself could say; but the result was disastrous enough, as is clearly indicated by the illustration.

As in the case of the spanner in the cover, when the tyre was inflated, every turn of the wheel impressed the Dummy Valve on the tube; and rubber being softer than wood—well, the result is pretty obvious, isn't it?

When you are fitting or detaching tyres, clear your mind of the charming waltz you had with Amelia the other night, and concentrate! concentrate!! concentrate!!! It is only in this way that tyre manipulation can be rendered easy and safe.

Exhibit E.

The "Book of Bibendum" (Vol. 2) contains a story of an irate manager of a certain garage not a thousand miles from Fulham Road, and his adventure with a new cover, which showed a very pronounced swelling. The trouble was found to be caused by the presence of an *Elbow Lever*, which had been left inside inadvertently.

"And what are these strange marks in this cover?" you will ask. I fancy even the redoubtable Sherlock Holmes, past master as he was in the art of elucidating mysteries, would pucker his brows over such a problem.

Well, here is the explanation. The driver, having carefully left his tyre levers in the garage, thought a set spanner would prove a good substitute for fitting the cover after a puncture. He manipulated that tool with a certain amount of skill, but evidently was overcome at last by a fit of mental aberration, which caused him *to let the spanner slip inside the cover*. The result was that, on resuming his journey, every revolution of the wheel served to impress the spanner more deeply in the canvas of the cover, until the key ends finally cut right into the fabric. In a few miles the tube burst, so plenty of trouble resulted, you see.

When you are fitting covers, remember it is an operation which requires undivided attention. Spanners, Spur and Elbow Levers *should be kept in the tool-box*. It is something of an "Alice-through-the-looking-glass" method of procedure to keep inner tubes in the tool-box and tools in your outer covers.

And besides, it doesn't pay!

The above are pages taken from The Instruction Plate Booklet which will be sent post free.

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Suitable for all types of bodies.

A FEW IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES
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MOTORING

By Land, Sea and Sky

Photographs PETROL ENGINE SPORT COMMENCES *Topical*

Some views of the highly successful open hill-climb, the first of the season, organised by the Essex Motor Club at Aston Hill. Left, Mr. H. Luun brings his 15.9 S.C.A.R. along with a full load. Centre is Miss R. Hammet competing in the motor cycle event on a twin Douglas. Right, Mr. F. W. Slatter shows the pace of his 15.9. Delage

"Self-Starters"

My (requested) view on "self-starters" is quickly given. The doom of the starting-handle was set on the first car that used it. The advent of a starting device controlled from the driving-seat was always inevitable. Next year some such mechanism will be standard on several cars and certainly optional on many. In three years the front of the radiator grinding-handle will be almost as extinct as the dodo. That is not the prophecy of faith. It is not very intelligent anticipation. It is merely a statement of the obvious.

Electrical Prospects

The particular form the "self-starter" will generally take may be speculative. It may be acetylene, compressed air, electric, or a developed form of that simple method of revolving the crank-shaft by hand-lever or pedal, operated from the driving seat, examples of which are familiar enough. Experience will decide that. But one has only to get some running acquaintance with a device such as that adopted by the Cadillac Company definitely to incline to a view highly favourable to electricity. Electric car-lighting is, I imagine, ultimately sure; and if the current is also available to operate a starting mechanism of positive action with (this is important) a reserve for contingencies, then most of the argument is with electricity. Price and weight may be material objections in the present, but the balance of advantage and the competition for a growing market make the future of electricity exceedingly bright. Very certainly Cadillacs have scored a notable initial success in this connection.

A Joyous "Twelve"

By the grace of my friend, Mr. J. K. Starley, I have opened a road acquaintance with the new 12 h.-p. Rover. Complete with spare wheel and all accessories—lamps, horn, screen, hood—this car comes out at £350 for the five-seater torpedo, or in the two-seater edition at £331. Without accessories it is £315 and £300 respectively. Shortly, because the opportunity for extended reference is not yet, this little Rover is what the slangster would call "the goods." Gracefully sporting (the two qualities are generally divorced most violently) in externals, of ample comfort within, leg-roomy and well-sprung, it appeals to the eye and body of the non-technical person as its chassis design must appeal to the most militant of technical persons. It is a four-cylinder, of course (75mm. by 130mm.), driving through a three-speed gear-box (gate-change) to a worm-driven back axle. We actually got from 3 to 45m.p.h. on top, and petrol worked out at twenty-five miles to the gallon. For a "twelve" its power and pick-up are prodigious, and if silence is indeed golden here is a very precious engine. More anon after a more extended trial. Meanwhile, very cordially commended.

A splendid photograph reproduction of King Alfonso at the wheel of his 100 h.-p. Delahaye will be sent post free on application to H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, London S.W. The King of Spain knows the best!

New Cars—the Saver

The Saver is all novelty more or less. Its engine is the Hewitt piston valve, which has served very well indeed with the Crowdy car. The Saver two-speed and reverse combined "gear-box" and clutch, pedal operated, would alone require a long descriptive article, diagrammatically augmented, to make clear. Let it suffice that so far it has worked well, and is a device that finds a most sympathetic student in your present scribe. A telescope steering-column adjusts itself to any physical handicaps of the driver. Final drive is by worm-gear. The dustless body it carries is not the least distinctive of its features. I will not hazard a guess at the future of the car. I only know it has attracted an enormous amount of attention, and will attract much more. But I fear its diametrical antagonism to so many of the canons of the car, both external and internal, will militate against it. I hope they will not, because this may be harbinger of revolution in design. But we are a very conservative people. ALEX. J. M. GRAY

COALS AND THE CAR

At any rate the Austin Company were not caught napping by the coal strike. The mountain in the background represents their coal reserve. It also stands as a monument to their foresight. The car in the foreground (a new type of 10 h.-p. Austin, with Standard body to seat four) expresses foresight in automobile engineering. Austin cars are always in the forefront of mechanical advance

In Compression

The Austin Company has secured opulent premises for a London depot at 479-483, Oxford Street, which, when necessary alterations have been made, will make, perhaps, the largest motor showrooms of their kind in the metropolis. The place will be ready for occupation by the end of June, when the present premises in Long Acre will close. Mention of the Austin Company reminds me again to commend the house journal of the Company, "The Austin Advocate," edited by Mr. H. Welsh Lee, which is not only a splendid advertisement of the car it is associated with, but a real contribution, of considerable value and interest, to motoring literature. Excellently produced and illustrated, it often contains articles by men of mark in motordom and much matter of general interest. The present issue, for example, is contributed to by Lord Montagu and by Mr. Oscar Thompson, the owner and driver of the celebrated "Pobble." There is a nicely helpful article on touring in Holland, and another on Northern Albania. I cordially commend them all, and suggest immediate application for a copy of the publication from the Austin Company, Northfield, near Birmingham.

From Mr. Secretary R. J. Smith (to whom greeting) the annual report of the Scottish Automobile Club, and a very satisfying document. Membership up to 1,826. Excess of assets over liabilities, £4,346 9*s.* 5*d.* A record of much good work, well done, in the interests of motorists. All set out concisely, and with prim clarity. A characteristic document in which the motto of the Club is literally translated—"Gang warily."

Use Sternol Oils and Greases for your motor, and get smoother, cooler engine running, more power, less wear, and greater economy.—STERN SONNEBORN OIL COMPANY, 63, Royal London House, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

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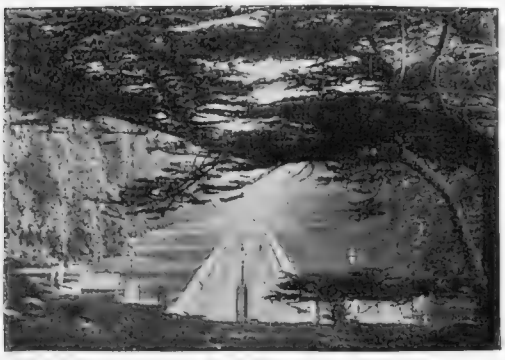

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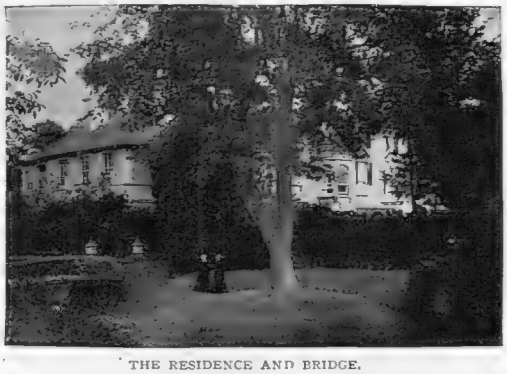

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of about 6¾ acres, comprising charming sunk garden, with tea-house, fountain and fishpool, small stream spanned by bridge, lily pond, sloping grass banks, large tennis and other lawns, rose garden and pergolas, terrace, kitchen garden, paddock, glasshouses, etc. An extra 2 acres can be had. Golf in the neighbourhood, Boating on the Thames. Freehold for immediate Sale.—Further particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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NOBLE BILLIARD ROOM (23½ft. by 19¾ft.), 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.: superior stabling for 3 and rooms over; farmery, gardener's house.

EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL GARDENS

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HAMPTON and SONS will SELL the above by AUCTION, at The Mart, E.C., on April 23 (unless previously disposed of). Solicitors, Messrs. INGLE, HOLMES, SONS and POTT, Capel House, New Broad Street, E.C.—Details of the Auctioneers, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Golf on Kenley Common. Hunting with Several packs. Delightful Walks and Drives.

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

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NEARLY 3 ACRES.

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TO BE SOLD, the above old DOWER HOUSE, built of stone, with old mullioned windows and thatched roof, and commanding views across Redlynch Park. The House stands well back from the road, and contains: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; STABLING FOR 4; good gardens and grounds with orchard and tennis lawn, farmery, 2 cottages, and pasture-land, 22 acres in all; hunting with the Blackmore Vale, the South and West Wilts and other packs.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.

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The seat of the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P.
TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR A TERM OR FOR A YEAR.
With shooting over about 3,700 acres. Westbury Station 2½ miles.

THE HOUSE stands 250ft. above sea level in a beautifully timbered park of 700 acres. It contains: central hall (35ft. 6in. by 17ft.), drawing room (41ft. by 29ft.), dining room (34ft. by 23ft.), billiard room, library, smoking and business rooms, about 45 principal and servants' bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms; well arranged domestic offices; the House is heated by hot water throughout, the sanitary arrangements are modern, and the telephone is connected; the electric light will be installed if let for a term or by arrangement for a year's tenancy; there is stabling for 30 horses, coach-houses, motor garage with pit, riding school, etc.; the shooting extends to about 3,700 acres, including 500 acres of woods, affording covert for rearing a 5,000 head of pheasants: hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's and South West Wilts; 9-hole practice golf course, and a lake of several acres in the park; also private cricket ground with pavilion.—Particulars of WARD SOAMES, Esq., Rood Ashton Estate, Hilperton, Trowbridge; or Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY 20, Hanover Square, W.

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IN THE BEST PART OF OXFORDSHIRE, A CHARMING OLD MANOR HOUSE and ABOUT 140 ACRES, in a ring fence:
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5,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING.
6 MILES OF TROUT FISHING.
£420 PER ANNUM, including a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE (Unfurnished), standing in grounds of about 3 acres, and situate in a favourite part of the county, 6 miles from a station; 7 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, billiard room (30ft. by 18ft.), good offices; garage; stabling; the SHOOTING is first-rate, and about 775 acres are covert; the fishing should provide a catch nearly approaching 200.—Full details of Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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Acetylene gas. All modern conveniences.
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A SMALL ESTATE OF 410 ACRES, with a

COMFORTABLE COUNTRY HOUSE in the TUDOR STYLE: 20 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; stabling; 2 cottages; very pretty grounds, with grand banks of rhododendrons and azaleas, most productive kitchen and fruit gardens. The farmhouse and agricultural land let off. Hunting, shooting, a little trout fishing.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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A DOWER HOUSE TO A WELL-KNOWN NOBLEMAN'S PARK.

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NORTH WALES.—Only £300 PER ANNUM, Furnished, including 2,000 ACRES SHOOTING, 400 acres cover, 6 MILES FISHING. To be LET, a CASTELLATED RESIDENCE, 400ft. above sea, approached by ½ mile carriage drive, and containing: 16 bed and dressing, 4 [illegible], 4 reception rooms; stabling; lovely old [illegible].—Photos, etc., Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.). [illegible]

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EVERYTHING OF THE VERY BEST.

A VALUABLE FREEHOLD COUNTRY HOUSE (built on 2 floors), containing: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 staircases, large hall, 4 reception rooms, and ample offices, with servants' hall; very superior stabling and garage, outbuildings, superior cottages for coachman and gardener. Well-planted Gardens and Park Land, in all 17a. 1r. 4p. To be SOLD.—For further particulars apply to BRACKETT and SONS, Estate Agents, Tunbridge Wells, and 34, Craven Street, Charing Cross, W.C.

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A PERFECT OLD PLACE.

AN ABSOLUTELY IDEAL ESTATE ON A SMALL SCALE.

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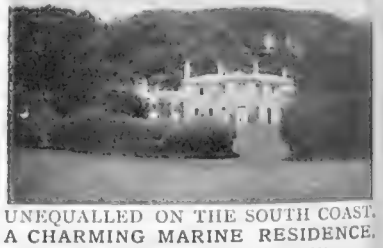

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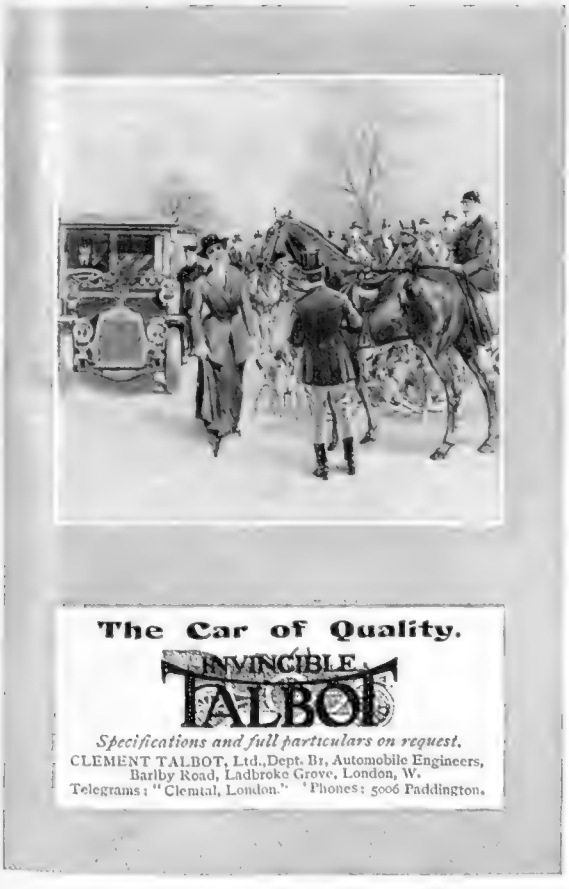

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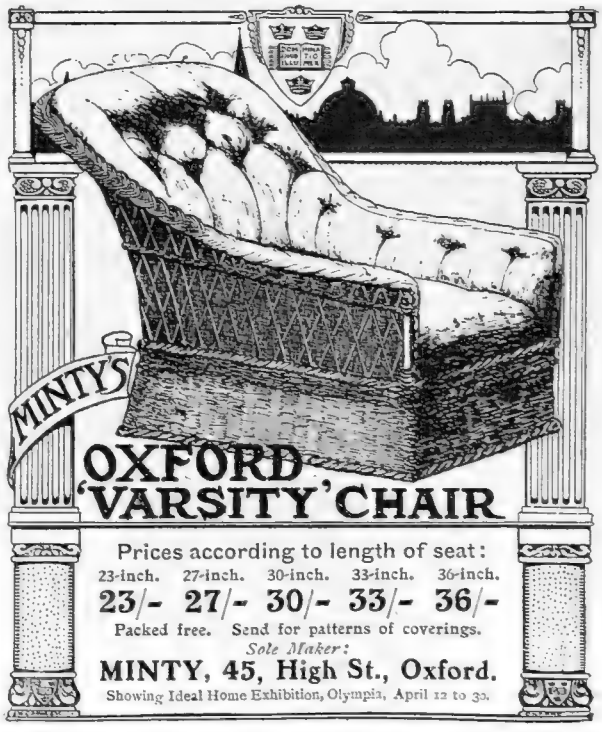

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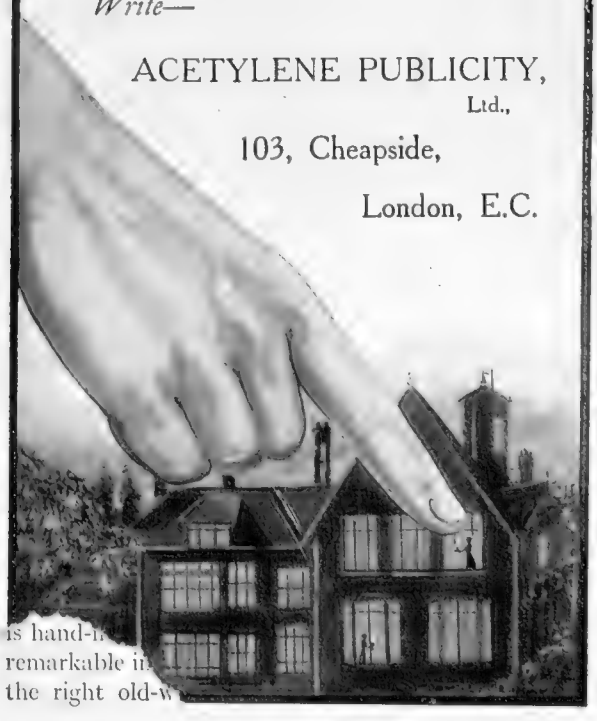

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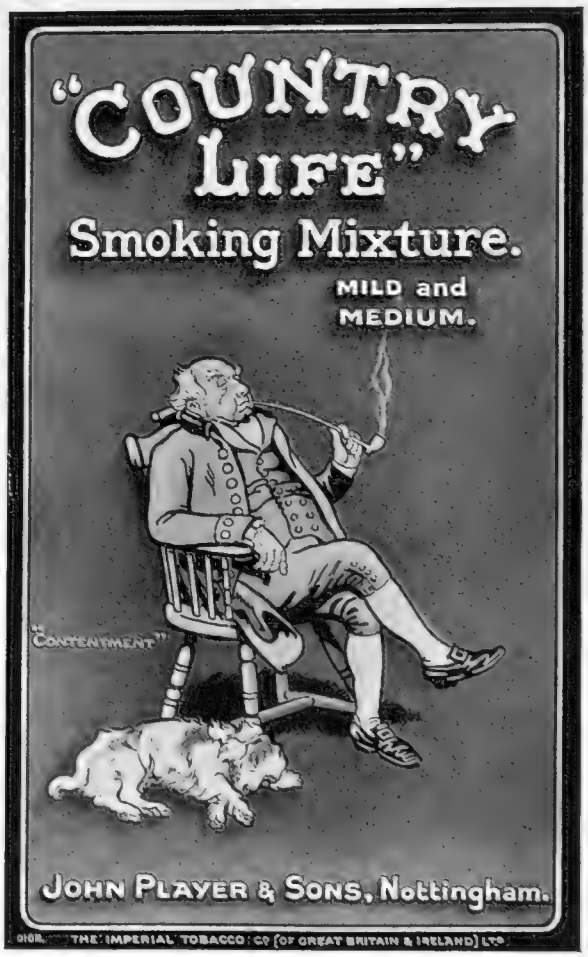

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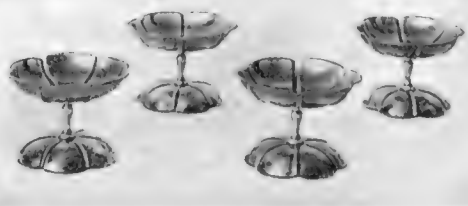

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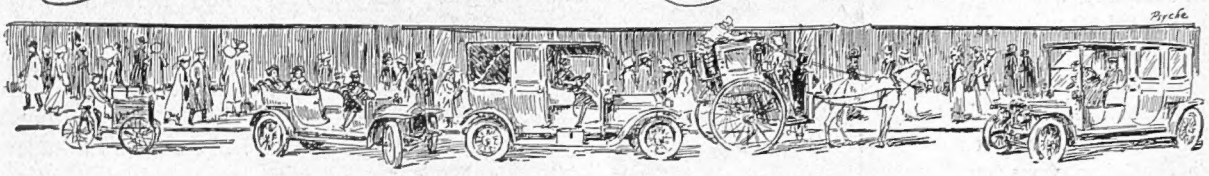

By MRS. JACK MAY

WHEN in doubt, buy a blouse, is an accepted dictum of much value. And there is a more than usually doubting spirit abroad this early Spring. Nor can it be placed wholly at the door of the coal strike, or the general unrest prevailing throughout the land. There is also an unexpected deadlock in the *coutourière* world, the leaders of which are by no means receiving the usual response to their efforts for bringing about change and variety at the hands of the *vraie élégante*. But I am emboldened to believe that the *coutourières* have merely to bide their time and be moderately reasonable in their expressions, to win their way in the long run with modes that are generally fuller and more free in character and style.

In the case of two notable creations turned out by Paquin for the last Court, the pannier played an important rôle. For Miss Adye, a débutante's gown was arranged of soft white satin, the skirt caught up at the back, to form the new pannier effect, with a bunch of lilies of the valley, the corsage completed with puff sleeves tied round the arm with silver ribbon. And with this there went a train of soft white satin, trimmed white tulle and lilies. Mrs. Ian Cecil was another exploiter of the pannier, effected in pale blue silk with a sheen of mauve, worn over a skirt of cream satin, cut up to show an under-flounce of white tulle inset with guipure lace. A deep berthe of guipure lace defined the *décolletage*, clusters of pink roses catching up the pannier, and ornamenting the train of white satin and tulle. Admitting the fact that the pannier lends itself more readily to Court attire than to everyday dress, still, in that it has been worn at all, makes it *un fait accompli*. And there we may safely leave it for the hour, and return to my text of blouses.

A Blouse from Brussels—

I have in this connection a very particular and interesting story to tell anent a certain little *lingerie* blouse that assuredly surpasses, in point of style, value, and price, anything of the kind ever before offered. It is hand-made throughout, and trimmed with the most remarkable imitation Brussels point lace, tinted to just the right old-world tone. Now turn to the accompanying picture and observe the style in which it is fashioned: groups of fine hand tucks alternate with a small box-pleat, the sleeves, etc, being all mounted. with the pretty decorative beading—a sure insignia of fastidious workmanship. This blouse, I am permitted to add, is made in Brussels, Harrods having placed an order there that is practically a monopoly, and that also enables them to sell the model at 16*s*. 9*d*.

—And a Sporting Shirt

Now, on the other hand, the sporting shirt of Spunella included in the group is cut and made by expert tailors on the premises at Harrods, the price, inclusive of a smart silk tie, toned to the stripe in the Spunella, is 14*s*. 9*d*., or, made to measure, 2*s*. 6*d*. extra. A great improvement is the buttoning-down of the pointed corners of the Shakespearian collar. There is besides here just now an exceptional choice in dainty dinner-blouses. One, of ivory spot net, has the dearest little *pouf* sleeves finishing at the elbow with cuffs of superposed frills of narrow Valenciennes lace, and a small pointed yoke of filmy *Broderie Anglaise*. While yet one more is of fine washing-net,

(Sketches by Dorothy Millar)

A SPORTING SHIRT
Of Spunella for 14/9 at Harrods

A LINGERIE BLOUSE
Trimmed with imitation Brussels point lace, at Harrods

hand-tucked, and relieved by a delicate black and white silk embroidery, very lightly applied down centre-front, in company with some tiny crochet buttons. Perhaps, however, the *bon bouche* of the collection is the new *basqued* blouse. This is a veritable joy, and effected in that very, very fine voile, that looks almost like *ninon*, hand-embroidered, with drawn-thread devices and inserted lines of Valenciennes lace, absolutely irresistible. A model I have in my mind's eye had a tabbed *basque*. These blouses will be much worn with taffeta skirts, both plain and ornamented with *broderie à jour*. And at Harrods, they are obviously determined to say the last word throughout the season on such fascinating departures.

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

A CHARMING DÉBUTANTE'S DRESS BY PAQUIN

Worn by Miss Gery at Their Majesties Court on the 8th inst. It is built of soft white satin, simply and gracefully draped, the train being of white broché satin

and crystal embroidery, worked on white tulle, and large yellow bow and sash ends falling from the left side; and the train of pink satin fell from the left shoulder, and was caught to the waist at the right-hand side. It was lined with white satin and draped with rare old application lace.

From the same *atelier* came Miss Gery's débutante's dress of soft white satin, very simply but gracefully draped, the corsage embroidered in silver with sleeves of fine guipure lace. Miss Gery's train was of white broché satin, and was trimmed with Madonna lilies and bows of tulle, and she carried a bouquet of the same white flowers.

Of eminently charming character was Paquin's scheme for Mrs. Heywood, of Sunningdale. Allied to a train of purple velvet was a gown of dove-grey satin, embroidered with pearls, as were also the sleeves of fine lace, the skirt drapery being looped up into the waist at the back.

Beautiful Court Gowns

Among the many beautiful gowns worn at Their Majesties Court on the 8th inst. was one created by Paquin, of Dover Street, for the Hon. Mrs. William Sidney. This was of ivory satin veiled in an over-dress of gold

The Menu: Some Dainty Sweets

Bananas with Whipped Cream.
Castle Baskets.
Rhubarb Mould.
Lemon Sponge.
Conservative Pudding.
Compôte of Bottled Gooseberries.

Bananas with Whipped Cream

Stew some bananas in syrup. Cut slices of bread the length and breadth of the bananas, fry in butter, and drain carefully. When these are crisp, spread them with jam of some sort, and lay a stewed banana on each strip; arrange them in a compôte dish, and cover them with whipped cream, flavoured with a little brandy.

Castle Baskets

Weigh two eggs in the shell, and take the same weight of butter, sugar, and Vienna flour; beat the butter to a cream, and beat the whites and yolks together for ten minutes and mix them lightly with the butter; add the sugar, then the flour, also some grated lemon-peel, and a fews drops of some flavouring essence. Bake for twenty minutes in small dariole moulds, turn them out and let them get cold. Carefully scoop out the middles, cover the outsides with apricot jam and roll them in sugar; put a dessert-spoonful of jam into each case, and a little whipped cream, with a preserved cherry on the top, and cut some angelica in strips to form handles to the baskets.

Rhubarb Mould

Cut a pound of forced rhubarb into lengths, and put into a stewpan with half-a-pint of water; the peel of a lemon, and the juice of the same strained with 3 oz. of sugar. Let it boil till the rhubarb is soft, stirring occasionally; pass all through a hair sieve. Have an ounce of gelatine melted in half a gill of water, which must be stirred into the rhubarb purée; put in a few drops of cochineal, and put into a mould. The rhubarb will take about fifteen minutes to boil.

Lemon Sponge

Soak 1 oz. of gelatine in cold water for six hours, then dissolve it over the fire. Add the thin peel of two lemons, the strained juice of three lemons and ½lb. of castor sugar. Let all boil for a few minutes, strain it, and leave till nearly cold. Beat the whites of two eggs to a froth, add them to the jelly, and whisk all together for quite ten minutes, till the mixture becomes the consistency of sponge. Pour into a wetted mould, and leave till next day.

Conservative Pudding

Decorate a pudding mould with preserved cherries and angelica, then line it with thin slices of sponge cake; put a layer of fruit between each layer of cake till the mould is half full. Then fill up with custard, and steam for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with sauce made by putting two yolks of eggs into a small pan, add 1½oz. of white sugar, a glass of sherry or marsala, the rind and juice of half a lemon, and a spoonful of water; whisk on the stove till it thickens to the consistency of cream.

Compôte of Bottled Gooseberries

Put the fruit in a pie-dish. Make a syrup by boiling ½lb. of moist sugar and half a pint of water together for half an hour; keep it well stirred. Pour it boiling hot over the fruit. When cold, put it in a glass dish, and cover with whipped cream.

EMILIA

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Treasures of the Deep

Up from the twilight depths come the nets, heavy with their silvery wealth of treasure—plump, lively little sardines full of the vital phosphorus so necessary to brain and nerve.

Then out of the nets into the tins, and out of the tins on to the plates. For Skippers are not the sort that get left long in the larder. One taste of that melt-in-the-mouth flavour and you want to finish the tin. Buy a tin to-day.

Skipper Sardines

A handsome Electro plated Patent Sardine Server will be sent in exchange for 1/- postal order and one 'Skipper' Sardine label. Apply ANGUS WATSON & Co. Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"Skipper" Sardines are guaranteed to have been caught in season only, and to be packed in the purest Olive Oil or Tomato.

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Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

All the most Beautiful Women use

CREME SIMON

(ENTIRELY FREE FROM GREASE)

FOR PREVENTING Wrinkles, for RESTORING and BEAUTIFYING the Complexion it is unequalled.

BLOTCHES, CHAPS, FRECKLES, REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, SUNBURN disappear as if by magic.

MOTORISTS find it INVALUABLE

Use also POUDRE SIMON

Refined, Delightful, Absolutely pure.

Of all Chemists, Hairdressers Perfumers and Stores.

If your health is not as it should be, and you would like to try

WINCARNIS

send for a free trial bottle to Coleman and Co., Ltd., W78, 'Wincarnis' Works, Norwich, enclosing three penny stamps for postage.

TO CLEANSE AND PRESERVE THE TEETH AND GUMS USE

Celebrated for its Aromatic & Antiseptic Qualities, due to its Vegetable Basis.

"Pasteur, Koch, Chamberlan, have established that these essences produce an antiseptic effect superior to the chemical disinfectants, the toxic action of which renders their use dangerous."

SAMPLES FREE ON APPLICATION.

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PARIS: 8, Place de l'Opéra.

FAMED FOR 40 YEARS.

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Over 30 years ago the late Lord Beaconsfield testified to the benefits he received from HIMROD'S CURE, and every post brings us similar letters to-day.

British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of Newbery & Sons; Barclay & Sons; J. Sange & Son; W. Edwards & Son; May, Roberts & Co.; Butler & Crispe; John Thompson, Liverpool; and all Wholesale Houses

A Free Sample and detailed Testmonials free by post. Sold in tins, 4s. 3d.

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THE SANITARY

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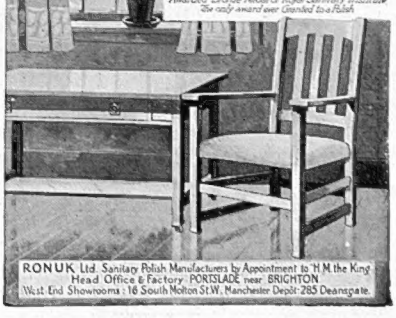
Awarded Bronze Medal of Royal Sanitary Institute The only award ever Granted to a Polish



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The Editor's Box

Scala-Kinemacolour

Mr. Charles Urban's wondrously beautiful reproduction by "Kinemacolor" of all the spectacular glories of Their Majesties' recent visit to India continues to pack the Scala Theatre twice daily. On Monday last an important reconstruction of "The Quaints" *lever-de-rideau* was made, the bright but brief little pierrot entertainment (organised and written by Mr. Robert Salisbury, late of "The Follies"), which precedes every presentation of "Kinemacolor." The main feature of this new musical number is the introduction (by special arrangement with Mr. Philip Michael Faraday) of Miss May Eckhoff, a charming and very remarkable little songstress and dancer of only twelve years of age, whose song-scena is produced in a novel setting of miniature scenery representing a toy village.

Featural and Plastic Surgery

We have received a copy of an interesting book on "Disfigured Noses and Their Correction"—a translation from the German work of Dr. Fritz Koch. The subject is treated with marked lucidity, and the work is rendered further convincing by the numerous reproductions from untouched photographs with which it is profusely illustrated. Any of our readers who feel the disadvantages of any featural defect of this nature would do well to procure a copy of this able work. The publisher is Mr. C. H. Willi, K.A. 475, Oxford Street, W.

Church Army's Useful Work

Whatever opinion one may form as to the rights and wrongs of the coal strike, there can be no two opinions as to the urgent necessity of relieving the privation which is being suffered by tens of thousands who have nothing whatever to do with the strike, whose only share in it is to bear their sufferings as patiently as they can. The Church Army is using all its Labour Homes and Relief Depots in London, and in nearly all the large provincial towns as relief centres, grants of coal being made to poor but deserving families, who would otherwise have to go without means of warming themselves or cooking food. If any of our readers feel disposed to contribute to this necessary work, they are referred to an advertisement on another page.

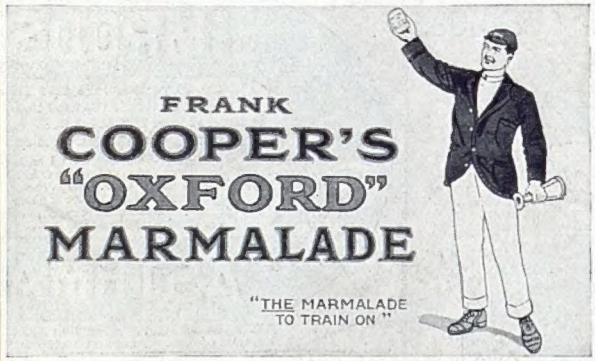
Mr. Eric Muir Gamage

Eldest son of Mr. A. W. Gamage (of Gamage's, Ltd.), who married Miss Nora Alice Fletcher at All Souls Church, Loudon Road, on March 19. A reception was afterwards held at the Langham Hotel

A St. Patrick's Day Custom

Irishmen all the world over honoured the ancient custom of drinking to the memory of their patron, St. Patrick. In the Middle Ages this custom was annually observed at St. Patrick's Well, in Dublin. There the Archbishop of Armagh attended in state on the festival day, and drank a cup of water from the well in honour of the greatest of Irishmen. Gradually, however, the custom fell into disuse, and the very existence of St. Patrick's Well became almost forgotten, save by a few antiquaries. Its perennial virtues were re-discovered by Messrs. Cantrell and Cochrane, the well-known manufacturers of Irish mineral waters, who purchased the well, and the world-wide reputation which "C. & C." beverages have gained may be attributed in no small measure to the fact that every drop of the water used is drawn either from St. Patrick's Well or from the famous Cromac Springs in Belfast.

SUPPLIED TO ROYALTY.



OF ALL HIGH-CLASS GROCERS and STORES.
Sample jar free on receipt of 3d. stamps for postage,
FRANK COOPER, OXFORD.
Kindly mention name of your Grocer.

Extra-ordinary Cocoa

Messrs. Savory and Moore manufacture an excellent preparation of Cocoa and Milk which is quite unlike the ordinary article, and has many distinctive features. The chief of these are as follows:

It is made from specially selected Cocoa and pure sterilised country milk.

It is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining, and its delicious flavour is much appreciated by connoisseurs of cocoa.

It is very easily digested, and can be enjoyed even by those who are quite unable to take tea, coffee, or cocoa in the ordinary form.

It is an excellent thing for those who suffer from weak digestion, any form of dyspepsia, or insomnia.

It needs neither milk nor sugar, and can be made in a moment, hot water only being required.

Tins, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

A TRIAL TIN of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Bystander," and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London.

Hunting, Fishing,
Shooting, Golfing,
Polo, Motoring.

CALIFORNIA.

Ideal Climate. Luxurious Travelling.
Sunset Limited. Trains de Luxe.

Full Particulars from RUD FALCK, General European Agent, Southern Pacific Company,
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DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & After Dinner.

In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.